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## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Chase expresses his confidence that the Rebellion is virtually over, and appears to be already anticipating the pleasure of directing the Northern forces against England, the actual facts of the situation afford but little countenance to his sanguine views. The Federals are reduced to the defensive both in Tennessee and Virginia; and although Rosecranz and Meade may ultimately extricate themselves from positions which seem sufficiently perilous, it is none the less clear that they are at present fighting rather for their own safety than for the subjugation of the South. If the North were capable of learning anything from events which are significant enough to the rest of the world, they might find useful matter for reflection in the circumstance that, after two years' fighting, the contending armies are once more in face of each other on the old battle-field of Bull's Run.

The elections for the Governorships of Ohio and Pennsylvania have terminated in the defeat of Mr. Vallandigham and Judge Woodward, the Democratic candidates. We feel no surprise at this result, because the party to which they belong has ceased to have any vitality, or to represent any intelligible principles. Protesting against a war of which the emancipation of the slaves is ostensibly a leading object, the Democrats profess, nevertheless, to be enthusiastic supporters of a war for the restoration of a constitution which no longer exists and can never be restored. It is quite conceivable that men should hope by some indefinite expenditure of blood and treasure to found a new State upon the ruins of the old Union. But the Republic of Washington and Jefferson, the Republic of State-rights, the Republic with a jealously restrained central power, is gone for ever. The South will never voluntarily assist in its restoration; and if the North conquer, by conquest it must rule. It is an evident absurdity to compel, by force, the acceptance of a constitution which cannot exist for a day without the willing assent of those who are its subjects. The Democrats are either chimerical or dishonest; they either aim at an impossibility, or, while pandering to the war-spirit of the hour, they are secretly desirous of peace. In either case, they contend at a great disadvantage with opponents whose object is well defined, and who can appeal, without reserve, to the excited passions of the time. It is indeed probably undesirable that the Democrats should obtain an immediate ascendancy. If they come into power at present, they will be tempted to continue the war in order to indulge their adherents with a share in those profits which their opponents have hitherto monopolized. If they continue in opposition, they will most likely end by becoming a real peace party; and as such they may exert a beneficial

influence when continued reverses or the exhaustion of the struggle shall have sobered the Northern mind. As yet, we look in vain for any signs of returning national sanity.

There are signs that the French policy in Mexico is about to receive its final development. The ostensible design of founding an independent empire under the Archduke Maximilian has always been hard to understand. That it would entail an immense sacrifice of blood and treasure was quite apparent, but it was difficult to see in what mode France was to derive any material compensation. If, indeed, the enterprise had been popular, another and an adequate compensation might have been found in the gratification of the national vanity and love of glory. But, in spite of all the laboured productions of inspired writers, our neighbours have manifested an unmistakeable repugnance to making war for so singular an idea as the establishment of a Latin empire under a German emperor. It appeared clear that sooner or later this dislike would become a source of embarrassment to the Government, and it was difficult to suppose that the Emperor was blind to the danger, or to the necessity of averting it. Many shrewd observers have, therefore, long maintained that the project of conferring the crown on an Austrian prince was only a cover for the real intention to convert Mexico into a French dependency. These suspicions derive some confirmation from the fact, that while the Archduke has been induced to make the acceptance of the throne dependent upon guarantees which he is not likely to obtain, the official organs of the French Government have ceased to chaunt, as they did but lately, the popularity of his candidature, and hints are already being thrown out that, after all, the true desire of the Mexicans is for annexation to France. As the Emperor Napoleon has now ascertained that no one but the Federal Government would raise any serious objection to his acquisition of an American province, it is probable that he will, before long, take steps for convincing his subjects that their resources have not been wasted on a purely philanthropic enterprise. He may, perhaps, safely rely upon their readiness to make the far greater sacrifices which will certainly be required in order to secure so glittering a prize as "the ancient empire of Montezuma."

The perversity of the Ionians threatens to interpose unforeseen difficulties in the way of carrying out the arrangement for their annexation to the kingdom of Greece. We had certainly a right to expect that our readiness to surrender the protectorate would be met by an equal readiness on their part to concur in such measures as might be requisite to satisfy our fair claims on account of money expended in the improvement and defence of the islands,



to disarm the apprehensions of foreign Powers whose concurrence is necessary for their transfer to Greece, or to meet the natural anxiety of the Danish Royal family in regard to a suitable provision for maintaining the dignity of the new throne. It was requisite, however, to ascertain in the first instance by an authoritative vote of the Assembly whether they desired to join their kinsmen on the mainland, and the Lord High Commissioner therefore proposed that that body should first decide this point, leaving other matters for subsequent discussion. Nothing could be more reasonable; but instead of pursuing the course marked out for them, the Ionian Parliament has not only decreed that the Septinsular Republic should be forthwith annexed to Greece, but by a resolution in favour of its own immediate dissolution it has practically refused even to consider the further propositions of the English Government. It is probable that Sir H. Storks took the only course open to him in proroguing for six months so impracticable an assembly. Time will thus be gained for negotiation with the Powers interested; and the Ionian people will have an opportunity of compelling their representatives to recognise the inevitable conditions of their union to Greece. In the meantime the position of the English Government is certainly one of considerable difficulty. It is impossible for us to disregard the provisions of treaties, the remonstrances of friendly Powers, the terms of the convention into which we have lately entered, and even our own just claims. But every question thus raised is rendered either insoluble, for the time, or more difficult of solution, by the conduct of those persons who for the last twenty years have clamoured for the very thing which we are most anxious to give them. It is said that the course taken by the Ionian Parliament is due to the intrigues of the ex-king Otho's partisans; and undoubtedly nothing could serve their purpose better. It gives us, however, but a poor opinion of the public spirit or the practical sagacity of those who are probably destined to play a leading part in the councils of Greece.

The "primary" elections in Prussia have resulted, as every one—except, perhaps, the King and M. von Bismarck—anticipated, in a decisive victory for the Liberal party. There is no doubt that the next Chambers will contain a Liberal Opposition of 300 members, and that of the remaining 52 some at least will be by no means constant supporters of the Government. Nor is this all; for while all, or nearly all, those who were most conspicuous for their hostility to the present system during the last Parliament will find seats in the new one, it is pretty certain that they will be reinforced by a number of representatives whose views are of a more decided character than have hitherto found much favour with the Prussian constituencies. Long suffering and patient as are the Germans,—and the Prussians above all others,—it is impossible that their spirits should not have been, in some degree, quickened by the events of the recess. The restrictions arbitrarily imposed upon newspapers, the dismissal of all officials who refused to do the bidding of the Court, the interference with the freedom of election,—must have left a sting. If the new Parliament are not ready to surrender the cause of Constitutional Government altogether, they must feel that the time has come for something more effectual than mere protests, which the King would disregard with stolid obtuseness, and the Prime Minister would flout with supercilious contempt.

The confusion which has long reigned in China seems likely to increase. While professedly standing neutral in the civil war, the civilized nations of Europe and America have for some time lent practical assistance to the Imperialists. Their subjects have, however, hitherto been free to take service under either party. It was no doubt hoped that the Imperialists would obtain a monopoly of this assistance; but this is not likely to be the case. The force led by Gordon on one side is already opposed by one commanded by Burgevine on the other; and unless measures are taken to prevent it, there is every reason to fear that the Celestial empire may become the battle-field for adventurers of all nations. Under such conditions, the duration of the civil war, and the injury to commerce and industry, would be indefinite. We are not, therefore, surprised to find by the last advices that the Consuls at Shanghai have conjointly fulminated a proclamation against the subjects of their respective nations who may join the rebels. At the same time we do not believe that this will have the desired effect so long as the Christian Governments abstain from

more direct intervention. They have even before [this] discovered the difficulty of maintaining an equivocal attitude in the presence of circumstances which so vitally affect their interests. And however ardent and sincere may be our desire to apply to the East the principles which we preach in the West, it is rapidly becoming evident that we must either altogether abandon our hold on China, or apply to the affairs of that country a far more trenchant method of treatment than we have hitherto adopted. At present we are neither neutrals nor belligerents; we neither maintain our consistency nor attain our object; we are contributing to prolong the civil war without doing anything effectual to secure its termination in the way we desire.

Mr. Laird has addressed to his friends at Birkenhead a rather remarkable speech on the subject of the ships of war that either have been fitted out, or are now fitting out in English ports for the Confederate Government. He has reduced the question, so far as it lies between her Majesty's Ministers and his late firm—the builders of the *Alabama* and of the steam rams now detained in the Mersey—to an issue singularly easy of decision. For he neither argued that it was and is lawful to build such vessels for sale to a belligerent government, nor denied that the ships in question were or are intended for the service of such a power. His speech amounted to an acknowledgment that the builders knew all along that they were evading the law. He contented himself with vaunting the cleverness with which they had kept out of the meshes of technical proof; and with preferring something like a complaint that the Cabinet had not suffered themselves to be hoodwinked by these astute devices. His moral obtuseness in regard to the duties of a citizen and a subject was curiously illustrated by a comparison which he ventured to institute between secret expeditions which he had fitted out in obedience to the request of our own Government, and secret expeditions which are intended to violate the Queen's proclamation of neutrality in the interest of a foreign Power. In point of fact, all that he did was to appeal to the Southern sympathies of his audience in favour of a breach of English law. No doubt many far more ingenious arguments on this question practically amount to the same thing; but a skilful advocate would hardly have presented such a plea in its naked deformity. For while most of us are anxious that our fellow-citizens should not be vexed in any lawful industry, and are opposed to any straining of the Foreign Enlistment Act at the dictation of a foreign Power—we do quite as sincerely desire to fulfil in the amplest manner those obligations which international law imposes upon us as neutrals. We are not prepared to wink at the evasion of our own acts of parliament; nor can we admit either the patriotism or the loyalty of men who, knowing full well that what they are doing is not only illegal, but is calculated to give just offence to a foreign Power, nevertheless endeavour to realize a private gain at the risk of public loss and inconvenience. If the builders of the steam-rams can show that they have done nothing which they had not a right to do, or that the Government are in error as to the supposed destruction of their vessels, we shall rejoice to see the broad arrow removed from the sides of *El Toussou* and her sister ship. But no man who has any regard for the reputation or the permanent interests of the country, will witness their escape from condemnation on a mere legal quibble or defect of technical proof, with more satisfaction than he would see the acquittal of a pickpocket through a flaw in the indictment.

#### "J. O." ON THE MHOW COURT-MARTIAL.

THAT excellent writer "J. O.," who has been happily termed "the grand detective of society" and censor of military abuses," has done good service by telling the story of the Mhow Court-martial in the November number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which has just been published. It is true that one of the chief actors in that transaction is about to occupy the position of defendant at an Aldershot Court-martial, and therefore it would not be fair to say anything which might tend to prejudge his case. But it must be observed that the proceedings of the Mhow Court-martial are now before the public in the shape of a Blue-book. Blue-books are a species of literature which few people have the courage to read, and even if they did, in such a case as this, few would understand. "J. O.," therefore, is amply justified in believing that he has discharged "a useful public



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duty when he endeavoured to draw up a more complete and intelligible narrative of that complicated and painful affair than could be collected from the proceedings of the Court as published by order of the House of Commons."

Any person who takes any interest in that affair, or who desires to understand the case which is now about to be inquired into at Aldershot, or the merits of the case which was inquired into at Mhow in 1862, will do well to peruse "J. O.'s" lucubration. But there are some matters for the first time explained in that article to which it is important to direct public attention, because if the statements of "J. O." are well founded, they seem to show that, whatever be the merits or demerits of Colonel Crawley, the Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir Hugh Rose, has proved himself eminently unfit for the high position which he now occupies. If these statements had been made with any sort of hesitation,—if they had been put forth by some obscure writer or careless gossip, we should have passed them by unheeded; but they have been published by a singularly careful and honest writer, and it is tolerably clear that, in drawing up his statement, he has had access to what may almost be termed official documents.

Those who knew the condition of the 6th Dragoons before Colonel Crawley assumed the command, have hitherto found it absolutely impossible to account for the change which so suddenly came over that fine regiment. Why a body of soldiers which, according to cavalry inspectors and Commanders-in-Chief, was so admirably organized and so admirably commanded, should at once become a mob of ignorant and turbulent men, was indeed a mystery. But that mystery is now solved. It is admitted in the Blue-book that "a moral and social difficulty" existed, which baffled all Colonel Crawley's efforts at arrangement, deprived him of the support of the married men of the mess, and laid the foundation of the ill-feeling between himself and his paymaster.

"The nature of this 'moral and social' difficulty," says "J. O.," "has been entirely kept out of sight by the president and members of the court-martial at Mhow. It is, however, absolutely necessary, in order to understand the merits of the story which [the Blue-book] professes to relate, that it should be distinctly indicated; and I will do no more than indicate it, referring those who may be anxious for further particulars to the Proceedings of the Court of Divorce in May, 1858. When the 6th Dragoons proceeded to India in that year, several changes occurred amongst its officers, and about a year before Colonel Crawley took command of it, a captain and his wife exchanged into the regiment from the — Light Dragoons, and were cordially received into its society. But, shortly afterwards, it came to be known that the lady was a *divorcée*, and that her former marriage had been dissolved, according to Lord Campbell, by whom the operation had been performed, 'under circumstances of peculiar profligacy.' This painful disclosure created, as may be supposed, considerable scandal amongst the small European society of the station, and all the married officers of the Inniskillings, with the exception of Colonel Crawley, declined to concede any longer to the lady the local rank which she had hitherto enjoyed amongst their wives and daughters as an honest woman.

"Colonel Crawley, it would seem, espoused the divorced lady's cause with considerable warmth, urging upon his married officers that they ought to allow 'by-gones to be by-gones;' and endeavouring to enforce the liberal doctrine that as long as a male or female Inniskillinger conducted himself or herself with propriety after joining the regiment, no member of the corps was entitled to inquire into any peccadillos of which the party might have been previously guilty elsewhere. He even went so far as to express to his officers his opinion, that if a certain official tin box, containing old regimental papers, which Colonel Crawley, with delicate irony, called 'Colonel Shute's legacy,' was examined, there were very few of them whose characters would stand the scrutiny. And, finally, Colonel Crawley issued a formal memorandum, in which he peremptorily ordered 'that the harmony and good feeling which should always exist between officers of the same corps should not be jeopardised by any further allusion to this moral and social difficulty by any officer under his command' (p. 53).

"The two individuals who seem to have resisted most firmly Colonel Crawley's liberality on the subject of the Seventh Commandment were, as might have been expected, the two senior married officers of his regiment, Surgeon Turnbull and Paymaster Smales. From the date of the memorandum which has just been quoted, all friendly intimacy between these two gentlemen and their commanding officer ceased; constant squabbles between the parties are indicated throughout the evidence recorded in the Blue-book; and very grave complaints against Messrs. Smales and Turnbull, on apparently very trivial grounds, appear to have been forwarded from time to time to the superior authorities with varying results."

If such indeed was the cause of the misunderstanding which arose between the Colonel and his officers, it is difficult to believe that it was unknown to the Commander-in-Chief; and if he did know it, it was his duty to protect the married officers in their resistance to the social tyranny of the Colonel. But he did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he not only confirmed the finding of the court-

martial, which has been set aside by the Duke of Cambridge as grossly illegal, but he attacked in the most virulent manner Colonel Shute and other distinguished officers who were not before the Court, and whose conduct he had no right to impugn. In doing this, however, he stated facts which were not proved at the trial. How, then, did Sir Hugh Rose obtain a knowledge of these facts? "J. O." does not hesitate to say that "he must have been made acquainted by information privately imparted to him since the trial." These are his words:—

"It is true that these imputations were altogether irrelevant to the issue which had been tried; but they were made by the Commander-in-Chief in India the grounds of public and severe censure upon individuals who had been afforded no opportunity of explanation or defence, and if they are false, neither the anonymous informant who communicated them to the Commander-in-Chief, nor that high official who inconsiderately endorsed and acted upon them, ought to escape the censure of the authorities at home. And if it should turn out on further inquiry that the confirming officer and the prosecutor were in collusion with each other, and that Sir Hugh Rose permitted Colonel Crawley to strengthen his case against Captain Smales by *ex parte* statements privily made to his Excellency, to the prejudice of the prisoner and his witnesses, it would be difficult to select words sufficiently energetic and incisive to stigmatize as it would deserve such a perversion of justice and such a prostitution of power. Sir Hugh Rose dealt out in his 'Remarks' grave official damnation on officers and gentlemen who at the time held, and who still hold, her Majesty's commission, solely in consequence of the vague and spiteful gossip with which Colonel Crawley had thought it effective to season his reply; he endorsed Colonel Crawley's unsupported assertions that at the time the 6th Dragoons passed into that officers hands from those of Colonel Shute, that distinguished regiment was little better than a slovenly band of insubordinate *faindants*; forgetting altogether that but a few months before its command devolved upon Colonel Crawley, both he himself and Sir William Mansfield had inspected the regiment on three several occasions, and had on each recorded their high sense of its discipline and efficiency. On one of these occasions Sir Hugh had complimented Colonel Shute 'on the military spirit which he had infused into his officers, and on the pride which they evidently took in their fine regiment.' On another, his Excellency had dwelt especially 'on the admirable condition of the horses of the 6th Dragoons,' which, he logically argued, 'proved that the greatest care must have been paid on that essential point by both officers and men.' Nay, at the very moment when the Commander-in-Chief in India, for the better support of Colonel Crawley, was sententiously informing the officers of the 6th Dragoons that 'care of their horses was the first duty of cavalry,' and was publicly reprimanding them for their negligence and indifference in that respect, a report was lying on his Excellency's table—its ink scarcely dry—from Colonel Apperley, an officer selected by the Government to examine into the stable economy of the British cavalry in India; and in that report, which is dated May 1, 1862, the matchless condition and soundness of the horses of the 6th Dragoons, and the general efficiency of the corps, are held up by Colonel Apperley as an example to the rest of the army."

The next charge against Sir Hugh Rose is so serious that we shall give it in the words of "J. O.":—

"Early in 1861, just about the time when Colonel Shute had determined to hand over his insubordinate and slovenly corps to the regenerating hands of Colonel Crawley, he received several official communications from the Military Secretary of the Commander-in-Chief in India. From the spirit of Sir Hugh Rose's 'Remarks,' it will be anticipated that these communications must have partaken of the nature of reproofs, on account of the unsuccessful and unsatisfactory manner in which the commanding officer of the 6th Dragoons had discharged the duties which he was about to relinquish. Not so. They were of the most agreeable and flattering nature that could be addressed to a cavalry officer of Colonel Shute's rank. They expressed Sir Hugh's high opinion of his professional capacity and conduct; they besought him, for the good of the service, to remain in India; they urged him to accept at Sir Hugh's hands the responsible post of Inspector-General of Cavalry; and promised, if he would forego his intention of returning to England, and would listen to Sir Hugh's proposal, that no exertion should be omitted on his Excellency's part to induce H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge to ratify the proposed appointment. And this invitation was actually addressed by the exalted author of the 'Remarks on the Mhow Court-martial' to the incompetent individual who had so signally failed to tame 'the turbulent spirits' of the 6th Dragoons—to the military bungler, who was preparing to foist upon his unlucky successor a mob of bad riders, and lame and neglected cattle, officered by a gang of lazy, untruthful, and quarrelsome conspirators."

Now, it must be remembered that there was not one tittle of truth in the charges solemnly and deliberately made by Sir Hugh Rose against the 6th Dragoons. The conduct and the actual words of Sir Hugh Rose are sufficient of themselves to refute the charges. But the Commander-in-Chief, in his memorandum of the 18th December, 1862, has recorded his opinion on this subject, and instead of indorsing the charges made against the 6th Dragoons, has solemnly pronounced them untrue. His Royal Highness declared that he had before him convincing proof that when Colonel Crawley took over the 6th Dragoons from Colonel Shute, the regiment was in the highest state of discipline and efficiency.



That Sir Hugh Rose has been found guilty by the Commander-in-Chief of being a gross calumniator is upon record. That he has confirmed illegal sentences pronounced by partial tribunals is also on record. That he has most improperly listened to private slanderers, and has indorsed these private slanders, is but too probable. That he has acted with the most reckless inconsistency by offering to promote officers whom he believed to be incompetent, rests upon documents the existence of which can readily be proved. What an indictment is this against the Commander-in-Chief of our armies in India! True, the case has not yet been proved: but assuredly it demands inquiry.

#### THE TURIN FAUX-PAS.

THE involuntary resignation of Sir James Hudson is a proof of the old and excellent adage that mistakes will happen even in the best-regulated families. Viewed in its proper light it is nothing more or less than an accident that has occurred in the Elliot family. The most admirably managed domestic Whig circles are liable at times to be suddenly overwhelmed by unfortunate catastrophes like this. Lord Russell could hardly bring himself to allow Sir James Hudson to vacate his post in Italy, and only accepted his offer because he believed it to be Sir James Hudson's private wish to leave. How strange are these occasional misunderstandings, and how they baffle all attempts at arrangement! At the very moment that Lord Russell was bemoaning in London Sir James Hudson's resignation, Sir James was resigning under the firm impression that he was bound by a tacit agreement to Lord Russell to do so. Resign accordingly he did; and this curious blunder on both sides was singularly enough the cause why, in a few days, an "Elliot" found himself Minister at Turin. This was a regular piece of Whig bad luck. It is an accident which every Elliot in the three kingdoms must deplore. Some families are cursed with this kind of recurring hereditary calamity. The Greys and the Elliots might as well be afflicted with a Banshee at once, as with an insidious and fatal tendency to rise to greatness in consequence of the most deplorable mistakes.

The mistake, however, was not destined to escape notice and criticism; for public attention could not but be arrested by the curious spectacle of a famous diplomatist leaving his post because "some one had blundered." Granted that there had been a misunderstanding, nobody except the English Foreign Secretary could see why it was too late, even at the last, to repair it. If Lord Russell had misunderstood Sir James, and Sir James mistaken Lord Russell, why on earth was everybody to be sacrificed all round, and the affair to end in a tragic departure from Turin of a first-rate envoy, who was thoroughly anxious to stay there? Even had Mr. Elliot been named for the vacant place—which we shall presently show was not the case—the appointment even of an Elliot under such circumstances need not have been considered as one of the laws of the Medes and Persians. There was in the wide diplomatic world room enough for both that gentleman and Sir James Hudson; and no spirited public servant would have hesitated—when informed of the sad misconception under which his predecessor was leaving Italy—to have preferred waiting for another office, rather than succeed Sir James Hudson through a mistake. We have no wish to prejudge either one side or the other. The fault of the whole may have lain with Sir James Hudson's oversensibility, rather than with Lord Russell's over-obtuseness. But common sense teaches us that, as soon as ever the Foreign Office discovered that it was playing at cross-purposes with its best servant, the misconception should at once have been repaired. We do not hear that either Lord Russell or Mr. Elliot ever dreamt of proposing to repair it. If Lord Russell were as immaculate in the matter as is suggested, it is not easy to see why he did not do so; and this is the reason why Mr. Elliot's sudden arrival at Turin appears to the public at large something like an undignified scramble on to a diplomatic perch.

Lord Russell in self-defence has published this week a diplomatic correspondence which is meant as a sufficient apology for the Foreign Office. Before examining it critically, we shall briefly observe that it establishes beyond a doubt the fact that there was—as we have said—ample time to set all misunderstanding right, if Lord Russell had been so minded. The first letter is from Earl Russell to Sir J. Hudson, and is dated September 10, 1863. In it Lord Russell accepts Sir J. Hudson's proffered resignation. But between this and the second document which is given to us, there stands a curious interval of a month. Letter No. 2 is from Turin, and contains the account of Sir J. Hudson's presentation at Court of his letters of recall, which took place on October 4. Long before

October 4 of this year all England was talking of the Turin *con-tretemps*. Lord Russell, therefore, knew perfectly, if it was only by common rumour, that there was reason to believe that Sir J. Hudson was not departing of his own accord. Yet he takes no step to undeceive his Minister until the letter has arrived announcing the parting interview between that Minister and the King of Italy. For at least a month the Foreign Office chose to leave the matter purposely in a cloud. No expression of regret; no question as to whether vulgar reports were true; no suggestion that Sir James might like to reconsider his decision came from Lord Russell until Mr. Elliot was safely accredited to Turin. But Lord Russell—if we may draw conclusions from his own language—had more than rumour to go by. In a subsequent despatch he virtually admits that he had official notice of Sir J. Hudson's mistake in full time to have remedied it:—

"I never supposed that Sir James Hudson was bound to me by any engagement; nor, till recently, did I imagine that he conceived himself to be so bound."

From the entire context and from the circumstance that this despatch is written in answer to Sir J. Hudson's letter of October 4, it is obvious that the "recent" information herein-mentioned is not the information given himself by Sir J. Hudson on October 4. It must, therefore, have reached Lord Russell previous to that date. How it came to him we are not informed; nor are we informed why on its receipt the Foreign Secretary did not use the Turin telegraph to clear up so unfortunate and fatal a misapprehension.

The above, however, are not the only curious reflections suggested to the casual reader by the perusal of the mutilated and unsatisfactory correspondence on the subject printed this week by order of the Foreign-office. First let us premise that in publishing any correspondence at all, Lord Russell is virtually accepting the challenge, and places himself upon his trial before public opinion. He has the power (which Sir J. Hudson has not) of printing as much and as little as he likes; and if in what is given to the world we find two or three strange and significant gaps and *lacunæ*, Lord Russell must forgive us for fancying that the gaps—as far as he is concerned—have not been altogether purposeless and accidental. He has published *some* letters, and we think it is pretty clear that he has not published *all*. Unluckily, moreover, the letters unpublished—as is not uncommon in diplomacy—are the very ones that must have contained the pith of the transaction. We are only allowed to arrive behind the scenes at the very moment Sir J. Hudson makes his exit by another door. The kindness and candour of the Foreign-office is not, therefore, so overwhelming as it might appear. We learn, no doubt, from the papers now before us, that Sir J. Hudson resigned under the impression that he was bound to do so; we also learn that Lord Russell, after that resignation, denied that the impression was a true one. This, unfortunately, we knew, without any extraordinary messenger from Downing-street. What we wanted to know was, how the mutual mistake arose; and no documents have as yet seen the day that enlighten our ignorance on this the sole subject that requires light.

The first remarkable omission is the omission of the letter in which Sir J. Hudson is supposed to have "expressed a wish to retire." We first hear of it in Lord Russell's note of September 10, closing with the offer. We should like to have seen the language in which the "wish to retire" was couched. It might, perhaps, have made matters clearer; and we wonder Lord Russell did not think of printing it when he was printing other and less important documents. Secondly, let us observe that between Lord Russell's note of September 10 and the next published note of October 4 from Sir James, a long pause occurs. Did no letters at all reach the Foreign Office from Sir James in answer to Lord Russell's intimation that "nothing but your own desire to quit the mission," &c., could have induced me to "recommend to the Queen any other person to represent her Majesty at Turin"? If by his silence Sir James accepted Lord Russell's view, it is rather odd—to say the least—that on October 4 he so flatly contradicts him to the King. Was Sir James silent all this while, or was he writing letters home? It is not irrelevant to know. Next, as to the origin of the whole discussion. Before we pass to the other unpublished diplomatic pieces, and venture to notice their non-appearance, let us quote Lord Russell's explanation as given to the new Minister at the Turin Court. After quoting the incident in Sir J. Hudson's interview with the King (as related by himself), in which Sir James gave Victor Emmanuel to understand that he conceived himself bound, by an engagement to Lord Russell, to resign, Lord Russell proceeds as follows:—

"The circumstances were these:—

"There was a report in 1860 or 1861 that an intention existed of



appointing Sir James Hudson to an embassy. This report had no foundation; no such intention existed.

"In March, 1862, I had reason to suppose that an embassy of importance might soon become vacant. Casting about for a fit person to recommend to her Majesty for a difficult and very responsible post, I could think of none more able or more deserving of promotion than Sir James Hudson. But out of regard for him I consulted him beforehand; and as I found that, though ready to accept an embassy, he did not wish to leave Turin, the matter fell to the ground.

"I made no engagement with Sir James Hudson, and never expected that he would resign till it should suit his own convenience to do so. When, therefore, in the spring of this year, he intimated to me his intention to resign his post, I concluded that, after more than thirty years of public service, he wished to retire from an anxious and laborious post."

This unsophisticated and artless explanation lands us in close proximity to a third unpublished set of papers; by far the most decisive and the most important of any. Where are the despatches in which, in March, 1862, Lord Russell offered to remove Sir James from Turin to another post? Where is the despatch in which Sir James refused this offer? The production of these all-important notes would settle the dispute at once. Lord Russell acknowledges their existence. Why not then produce them, as he has produced the rest? We really do not know what answer to give to the obvious problem, except that long habits of diplomatic controversy blunt the reasoning powers, and prevent the ablest statesmen from seeing the real point of the question. The real point of the question certainly lies hidden among the papers of the spring of 1862; and these papers lie still hidden—most strange to say—in the pigeon-holes of the Foreign Office. We thoroughly acquit Lord Russell of anything like conscious unfairness. But confidence ought not on such matters to be given by halves. Lord Russell cannot expect a triumphant victory if he only hands us half of the letters, and holds the other half tightly behind his back.

Finally, let us observe that till something more than four isolated notes—written after all the affair is ended—are given us, public opinion (which may very possibly be wrong) will persist in siding with the dismissed Sir James Hudson rather than with the powerful patron of Mr. Elliot. What possible object has Sir James Hudson in representing himself as a martyr to the domestic anxieties of the Foreign Office to provide places for those of its own household? He need not have gone—according to Lord Russell—unless he had wished. If he wished to go, why in the name of common sense should he let it be supposed that he was being driven out? Lord Russell seems not to be aware that all probability is in favour of the genuineness of Sir James Hudson's reluctance to leave. This being so, the only issue can be, whether Sir James Hudson had reason to believe he was expected to resign. This issue will never be settled, so long as Lord Russell confines himself to publishing correspondence subsequent to the resignation. Was there pressure direct or indirect put upon the sensitive minister? Lord Russell says no. Sir James Hudson implies yes. With curious want of perception Lord Russell proposes to prove his case by putting in a batch of letters, the earliest of which dates precisely from the day when whatever pressure there was must confessedly have been over. We do not accuse Lord Russell of a job. His personal character is above the suspicion. But he has been unfortunate in the extreme. As usual, he has doubtless been writing letters; and he has probably a greater knack of writing awkward letters than any other statesman of his position. Nor has he shown a due anxiety to retain one of the best diplomatic servants of the day in the public service. Under the cover of an evident misconception, he has allowed Mr. Elliot to supersede Sir James Hudson and to climb into his post. Of nothing more is he accused; and we can hardly think—after so lame and inadequate a defence as the four letters recently published—that he can be guilty of less. Either Sir James is an ill-used man, or Lord Russell is one of the worst apologists in the world.

#### THE ARABIAN NIGHTS AT SYDENHAM.

THE Crystal Palace is looking up. The £100 preference shares are quoted at 116-119; the 6 per cent. perpetual debentures at about the same premium. The £100 ordinary stock is at 36-38; has been higher, and will be higher; for the Palace is becoming more accessible. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway offers facilities to the population of Lambeth, Southwark, Walworth, and Camberwell, and conveys passengers from the Elephant and Castle branch to the Sydenham station, whence an easy walk up the hill brings them to the Palace. In a few months this company will open a station at Blackfriars-bridge (southern end), which will bring the Strand, Holborn, and the district traversed by the

Underground Railway into easy communication with the Palace. In no long time there will be a Charing-cross terminus for the Sydenham traffic, which will accommodate the populous western central district. The new railway bridges over the Thames at Blackfriars and Southwark will still further shorten the distance between the Palace and northern and eastern London. Ground is already broken, and some progress made with a railway to the Crystal Palace, which, skirting Nunhead and Forest-hill, will land the visitor on the floor of the Crystal Palace, and save the infirm and valetudinarian a tedious walk and a fatiguing flight of steps. With these railways in progress, the prospects of the Crystal Palace may be said to be improving. As each new branch is opened the original shares will doubtless become more buoyant. But in order to bring them up to par new attractions are wanting. Greater originality of resources seems to be required in the management of an undertaking so novel and so stupendous. If the Crystal Palace could be set down in the neighbourhood of Paris, can any one doubt that French ingenuity and enterprise would gild the speculation with a brilliant commercial success? Perhaps our sober English public would not altogether approve the means by which this result would be attained. There would be no Board of Trade to insist upon clauses in the Charter of Incorporation against spirituous liquors and Sunday opening. There would be *gendarmes* enough in the building to see that order and public decorum were not outraged. But the very essence and condition of success of a Parisian Crystal Palace would be that it should be open on Sundays and open for evening entertainments. The French are fond of dancing, and the *Bal Mabille* would, in some shape or other, rear its head in such a structure. It is impossible to have public dancing among promiscuous visitors without attracting the class of *grisettes*, *lorettes*, and the *demi-monde*, and therefore our English directors, as a rule, discourage dancing in the Palace and grounds. On some occasions, when the Foresters, Odd Fellows, and other charitable bodies, bring their own bands of music, the directors assume that the visitors, belonging to the same association, are sufficiently known to each other to exclude improper characters, and therefore wink at a quadrille or two in the grounds. But whenever there is a danger of dancing to these private bands within the Palace, the great organ is set to work to frown and thunder down all such designs, and to send out all the votaries of Terpsichore into the dews and damps of nightfall.

Dancing, then, is discouraged at the Crystal Palace, and with it all night *fêtes* and evening entertainments. A miserable compromise is indeed set up. The Palace is nominally "lit up to allow of leisurely departure." A gas triangle or two at considerable intervals make the darkness more distinctly visible and the gloom more cheerless than before. The corridors have been full for three hours with a fidgetty and impatient crowd. It is one degree less miserable to remain in the partially illuminated transept, than to take your chance in the corridors. But how ineffably bald, prosaic, and unimaginative, this attempt at illumination! It is just enough to make one recognize the glorious opportunity which the building affords for night illumination.

Do the original shareholders, whose £100 stock is at 37 instead of being at par, know that a festal entertainment could be given at the Crystal Palace transcending all the splendours of the Arabian Nights? Are they aware that the capability of the Great Hyde-park Exhibition of 1851 for night *fêtes* and balls was brought before the Government of that day? Do they remember the evidence of Sir Joseph Paxton before the Commissioners appointed to consider the propriety of maintaining the Crystal Palace in Hyde-park? Sir Joseph protested with eloquence and earnestness, but in vain, against the removal of a building endeared to the public by so many agreeable associations. He then unfolded the magnificent designs (only partially carried out at Sydenham) which he had formed for converting the Hyde-park structure into a Winter Garden. He would have filled it with the most brilliant flowers of every size and hue—the lofty palms, the plantain, and the orange-tree. The vigorous climbing plants of the tropics were to grow up the pillars and hang in festoons from the galleries, while below a perpetual display of the gayest and most beautiful flowers of the season was to afford a perpetual "feast of nectared sweets, where no crude surfeit reigned." Among the plants and flowers the hand of the enchanter was to place sparkling fountains and silver rills, aviaries for song birds, and statuary.

Now listen with all your ears, disappointed holders of original shares! Here is a suggestion worth—shall we say £63 per share on the present value of your stock? The public can hardly be induced to visit the Palace during the short days—will they come to it during the long nights of winter? "But to be of any use as a promenade in winter, you must light it up!" asked a Royal



Commissioner sententiously. If this were meant as an objection, it was unfortunate, for Sir Joseph warmed up with instant enthusiasm: "If well lit up, it will be an enchanting place at night. The statuary and plants would show off extremely well. The effect, indeed," said Sir Joseph, now carried away by his theme, "would be most perfect—the scene would appear an illusion almost. I only wish you would let me have the building to give a ball or two in it for the charities of London; you would see how I would light it up."

We have had a few balls of late years on a large scale for charitable purposes, but they have been dwarfed in their proportions from the want of a *salle de danse* sufficiently magnificent. There was the grand fancy ball at the Hanover-square Rooms a few years ago for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music. It was honoured by the presence of the Queen and Prince Consort, and ladies of the highest rank got up quadrilles, and were attired in costumes suggestive of night, fire, the stars, &c. Hundreds were kept away by the smallness of the rooms, and the crush rendered dancing almost impossible. But imagine a ball under similar auspices in the Crystal Palace, with gas jets running along the columns, galleries, and vaulted roof, with coloured lamps in the vistas and concealed among the foliage! Remember the accommodation which the galleries would offer to persons willing to pay towards the charity for the spectacle, but without pretensions or inclination to join the brilliant throng on the floor! The only ball-room of adequate size for this vast metropolis is the Guildhall, and that, after having served the turn of the Poles and the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools, is now crowded to inconvenience by the Licensed Victuallers. Why should they not hold their charitable balls for 1864 in the Crystal Palace? What is to hinder the Germans from giving their Hospital Ball at Sydenham, or the French their Société de la Bienfaisance Ball? Who would not pay something to see the Caledonian Ball from a seat in the gallery? If the Brigade of Guards had but brought their lavish outlay to the decoration and illumination of the Crystal Palace, what an entertainment, worthy of the Arabian Nights, would they not have offered to the Prince and Princess?

It would be the duty of the directors to employ the best artists, and to illuminate the Palace with the utmost taste and skill. The coloured lamps, transparencies, and devices would be a portion of the "property" of the Palace. There would be, we apprehend, a graduated scale of illumination, according to the number of visitors and the charge for tickets. On the occasion of a Royal visit, "all the resources of the establishment" must be brought out. Each charitable society would require some special devices, in the nature of "local colouring," to keep its claims before its patrons. A hundred laudable charities might be saved from shipwreck, and enter upon a career of new usefulness, by means of a benevolent ball at the Crystal Palace. Why should not each of the great metropolitan trades have an annual charitable ball? why not the struggling and unendowed hospitals? The sick, the houseless, the naked, the aged—the poor sempstress, the superannuated governess, the broken-down tradesman, the widows and orphans who have known better days—might have common cause for rejoicing with the shareholders, if Sir Joseph Paxton's suggestion were carried into effect.

It will be observed that we do not recommend the opening of the Palace as an indiscriminate *salle de danse*. The directors would let the building to societies, and the committees of benevolent institutions would, for their own protection, take the same pains as at present to exclude improper characters by means of the system of vouchers. The directors can take effectual means to maintain good order and decorum on these occasions. Having the "plant" and "properties" in their possession, the directors on some high-days and holidays—at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide—on Queen's birthdays, and other occasions of loyal rejoicing—might throw the building open for night illuminations and public promenade. There would then be the usual shilling day admission, and a further shilling or half-crown for the night *fête*. On public illuminations tradesmen would willingly erect their transparencies, festoons, and devices—their stars, crowns, and V.R.'s—at their own expense, so that they might advertise their names as in the Strand or Cornhill.

We believe we shall be guilty of no breach of confidence if we say that proposals for night *fêtes* have been at various times brought before the directors. Timid and unenterprising men always find a lion in their path when any project savouring of boldness and novelty comes before them. Their objections were, we believe, two-fold—the expense, and the difficulty of conveying large crowds from the building at night. As to the expense, the money could be easily raised among the shareholders if Sir Joseph

Paxton were allowed to illuminate the building. With respect to the second objection, we submit that the time has come for considering it afresh. There used to be but one railway to London. There are now three, and there will soon be half a dozen. Modern railway managers are accustomed to the transport of large masses, even at night. On gala days the Crystal Palace trains are even now running up to midnight. On the Derby Day the Croydon and Epsom trains bring thousands to town after dark. At every Volunteer review large masses are brought away at night. If it were the fashion to hold aristocratic balls at the Crystal Palace, half the company would travel in their own carriages. The Palace, moreover, can offer such unequalled facilities in the way of cloak-rooms, retiring-rooms, coiffeurs, and attendants, that ladies might leave much of their toilet to be made within the building, and would care little whether they returned in a private carriage or by the rail.

It will be seen that we hold no Puritanic views on dancing as an amusement. Lord Neaves at the Social Congress at Edinburgh the other day offered an earnest plea for mere amusement—entertainment without any knowledge at all. Now and then one hears of a sensible clergyman's wife who finds her Sunday-school children all the happier and better-behaved from being encouraged to dance with each other on working-days. A Dean of the Anglican Church—a man of the highest learning and science, not long since gone to his rest—had the manliness to write a passage which the "unco guid" cannot read without advantage, and which will not be out of place in this article:—

"There is a great deal to be said in favour of dancing. No amusement seems more natural and more congenial to youth than this. It has the advantage of bringing young persons of both sexes together, in a manner which its publicity renders perfectly unexceptionable, enabling them to see and know each other better than perhaps any other mode of general association. *Tête-à-têtes* are dangerous things. Small family parties are too much under mutual observation. A ball-room appears to me to be almost the only scene uniting that degree of rational and innocent liberty of intercourse, which it is desirable to promote as much as possible between young persons, with that scrupulous attention to the delicacy and propriety of female conduct, which I consider the fundamental basis of all our most valuable social relations."

When we can quote a Dean in favour of dancing, and a Paxton in behalf of lighting up the Crystal Palace, we have almost proved our case. Let the shareholders remind the directors that much still remains to be done to make their property remunerative. It is a noble structure by day, but Sir Joseph declares it may be made perfectly enchanting at night—a fairy land of coloured lamps, lustres, and glowworm lights, among orange-trees, leafy festoons, plants, and shrubs.

Let the directors think of the guineas and half guineas that would fly out of West-end and City purses, partly for the most laudable purposes of benevolence and partly to the enrichment of the Crystal Palace. Sir Joseph Paxton promises to wave the wand of a magician, to give us a new sensation, and to produce an illusion worth a million ghost tricks. "I wish," said Sir Joseph, "you would let me have the building to give a ball or two in it for the charities of London." Why should not Sir Joseph have his wish? That the Crystal Palace will be lit up with magical splendour one day we have not a shadow of doubt. But why is this scene of fairy-like magnificence to be denied to the Englishmen of 1864, and to be reserved for the next generation of shareholders?

#### MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

AFTER two years' absence, say the playbills, "at home and abroad," Mr. Charles Mathews, fresh and lively as ever, appeared once more at the Haymarket on Monday last. The "At Home," last year, when, assisted by his wife, he received a numerous company of friends at Her Majesty's Theatre, was one of those mixed entertainments—a flow of anecdotes and pleasant talk, relieved by mimicry and song—in which he may boast an hereditary skill. "Abroad," with the eyes of Paris and therefore of all Europe upon him, he has latterly been diverting the audience of the *Variétés*, forty nights running, with a farce of Jerrold's, composed and recited in unimpeachable French. It seems rather odd, that while French actors and actresses, M. Fechter and Mademoiselle Stella Colas, have invaded our stage with Shakespearian tragedy and romantic melodrama, an English light comedian has displayed his *talent tout Français* in that pretty theatre of the Boulevard Montmartre dedicated to the sallies of vivacious gaiety. It might almost be inferred that the traditional characteristics of national humour and temperament are likely to be reversed—if they should not rather be obliterated—by this cosmopolitan age. Is it, one



might ask, that the sister nations are destined, by frequent mutual intercourse, to grow more into the likeness of each other? Or is it that the French character has already undergone a change, in the repeated shocks of political revolution and of social conflict which France has experienced in the last seventy-five years? Or is it—as we should prefer to suppose—that our ancestors, who, in the eighteenth century, were accustomed to censure the excessive frivolity of the people across the Channel, expressed but an ignorant and prejudiced opinion? We know, to be sure, that they did not always think alike about the character of the French. The Rev. Mr. Yorick, for example, told the Comte de B—— that if he had any fault to find with that nation, it was that they were “too serious.” But Goldsmith’s “Traveller” and, if we remember right, his “Citizen of the World” also arrived at quite an opposite view of their disposition. We may, however, reasonably doubt the justice, or at least the enduring application, of any of these wholesale descriptions of the moral and intellectual state of a people. A thorough study of the French history and literature will scarcely warrant the notion that extreme proneness to levity is a predominant quality of the French mind; whilst, in the conscious heartiness of our own enjoyment, we may defy that sarcastic observation of a foreign visitor, in “merry England of the olden time”—“These English take their pleasure *moult tristement*, after the manner of their nation.” Between these two races of mixed descent, inhabiting adjacent countries, with a resembling climate, and subject to the common influences of European civilization, there could never have been so wide a difference of mental constitution as was implied in these fallacious proverbs. At any rate, we now see both French and English, of a certain class which abounds in the metropolis of either country, delighted with the acting of Mr. Charles Mathews in a part which he performs alternately in the one language and in the other. He *translates himself*, as it were, from the *Varidés* to the Haymarket, from *Un Anglais Timide* to “Cool as a Cucumber,” and he intends, after Christmas, to re-translate himself at Paris, into the French version of this favourite character. It may be worth while to consider what are the causes of its popularity, and why it hits the fancy of so many playgoers, French and English, as it appears to do. No piece of its kind is more familiar to us upon the London stage, but its successful production at Paris deserves remark. The title, which to an English ear contains a ludicrous alliteration, was suppressed in the French version. For there is no fun in a cucumber *per se*, and no obvious propriety in citing that vegetable as a standard even of physical coolness. “A Bashful Englishman” was a title much better suited to invite the French to come and see Mr. Charles Mathews’ representation of the modest and retiring virtues of his countrymen. This indeed, between him and his foreign audience, is the point of the international joke. He is a young man whose parents have sent him on a Continental tour for the purpose of curing him of that morbid shyness which was, in former days, alleged to be a common vice of the Englishman in the society of strangers. As Cowper says:—

“It seems as if we Britons were decreed,  
By way of wholesome check upon our pride,  
To fear each other, fearing none beside.”

This youth, returning from his foreign travel, displays an astounding degree of reckless impudence, which he is supposed to have acquired abroad. He comes, an uninvited visitor, to the house of a stranger, whose son he pretends to have met by chance on board one of the Rhine steamboats. He treats the old gentleman with jovial insolence. He waits for no welcome, but orders about the servants, calls for what he likes, abuses whatever he dislikes, and conceitedly makes love to the niece, until the arrival of her cousin, whose acquaintance with him, as is supposed, forms his only introduction to the family, but whom he has never seen before in his life. Most of our readers, probably, have seen the way in which Mr. Mathews fills up this outline with a bustling succession of the most outrageous violations of decency and good manners, victimising the whole household without mercy or shame. Nor is he doomed to a humiliating exposure at the end. Though everybody on the stage is justly offended by his behaviour, he has enlisted the audience on his side, by calling them to witness that he is bound, as a travelled coxcomb, to be as impudent as he can. When the curtain falls, at length, upon a distressed couple of lovers pleading with an inexorable sire, this dexterous intruder remains in front, and stands there for a minute, confessedly the hero of the play, to bid for the plaudits of a laughing world outside. The *finale* is irresistibly comical. We hear the voice of the heavy father, with a stifled sob of unwonted tenderness, exclaiming, “I relent!” Up goes the curtain once more, and reveals old Barkins, with Jessie and Frederick kneeling before him, in an attitude of domestic recon-

ciliation. It is presently crowned by the triumphant figure of Mr. Mathews, as Horatio Plumper—the very incarnation of good-humoured impertinence,—spreading his light umbrella, as a canopy of glory, above this happy group, and invoking, with mock pathetic solemnity, a blessing of betrothal on the affianced pair. There is so much genuine fun in the concluding scene of this well-known performance,—it is such a capital burlesque of the conventional domestic drama,—that we cannot wonder at its success, either in Paris or London. And so long as the clever *farceur* to whom it belongs is able to repeat it as briskly as he did the other night, there will at least be no abatement of its popularity here. But nobody else could do it; and it affords, we think, the most characteristic example of his very peculiar gifts.

What distinguishes Charles Mathews from other comedians is, in the first place, an odd faculty of placing himself midway between the interest of the play and the sympathies of the audience; so as to turn the dramatic business into a pleasant social jest between himself and them,—a jest, of course, which he is the first to laugh at, winking and leering slyly behind the mask. It is just as though some clever practical joker had suddenly stepped from the pit upon the stage, with a design to throw the whole affair into laughable confusion by his unexpected tricks. Of all actors, he is, in his art, the least sincere,—the least capable, that is, of an imaginative self-abandonment to the feeling of his part. He moves and speaks with the utmost vivacity, pushing the rest of the company to and fro, and still using them as foils to display his own spirit and address, but evidently without the slightest faith in the reality of the scene, and without any regard to the personal interests which they are supposed to represent. If there be any one character into which, as an exception to this remark, he has seemed to enter with hearty persuasion, it is that of Sir Charles Coldstream; but this is the character of a selfish man, absorbed in contemplating the decay of his sensations and the emptiness of his own heart. Nor is the subsequent moral renovation of the *blasé* baronet fully portrayed on the stage. We find it is still the sublime of Egotism,—whether assuming the shape of listless apathy, or of restless and ubiquitous activity, or of hard assurance, or of shameless impertinence,—which is the central idea of all his impersonations. If to show that vulgar Vice her own image be a function of dramatic art, some of the performances of Charles Mathews, within this comparatively narrow range, might rank with the most effective in their way. But he has always seemed, by his deficiency of passion and of imagination, to be disqualified for representing any consistently developed character; whilst he is admirably qualified for those parts in which the actor, dealing lightly and carelessly with the fictitious interests of the piece, may venture to betray the illusion, such as it is, by hints given aside to his friends beyond the foot-lights. These, in boxes, pit, and gallery, are requested to observe that he is just one of themselves, and that he has only undertaken, for his own diversion and for theirs, to take a turn, without the slightest make-believe, amongst those dull characters on the stage, because they could not get up any amusement without him.

In the classical extravaganza of “The Golden Fleece,” which has been revived at the Haymarket to follow his “Cool as a Cucumber,” the part of Mock Chorus, also taken by Mr. Charles Mathews, is exactly one that calls into exercise this singular power. He is, by profession, the appointed mediator between the audience and the actors. He walks up and down, with an easy, lounging air, upon his platform three feet below the tragic level, and looks on, rather indolently, at the raptures and the rage of those heroic personages who are strutting and declaiming above. It is a contrivance which serves greatly to enhance the effect of the burlesque. There is Mathews, attired in the queerest fashion, with bushy wig and whiskers crowned with a garland of laurel; clad in a gorgeous robe, under which he shows the black dress-coat and trousers, and the shirt and neckcloth of this degenerate age,—there is Mathews, laying down the gigantic mask and sceptre of his office, walking about or lolling on a stool, and now staring with a look of respectful astonishment at the furious gestures of Medea—now feebly interposing, with feeble comments or remonstrances, to be instantly bullied into silence—now taking a pinch of snuff, as if to soothe his troubled nerves,—now beckoning or winking to the outside spectators, that they may not lose anything of the terror and the pity, that is of the fun and the absurdity, which are going on. Then he gets a chance of coming forward, in a quiet interval, to give us a patter song between the acts; and his lyrical commentary, interspersed with a wonderful medley of allusions to many old things and new, relieves, if it does not explain, the progress of that dreary old fable which Euripides and Planché have embellished. We are much pleased with the revival of this burlesque,



which is, like others by the same author, a work of airy and sportive fancy, of wild yet not ungraceful humour, whimsical in its conception, neat in its literary execution, composed in smooth and musical verse, abounding in felicitous quips and trickery of language, and sparkling, here and there, with bright jets of genuine wit. It is such a work as the Byrons and Burnands of the day, to whom Mr. Planché has abandoned this sort of composition, are utterly incompetent to supply. The popular taste for this kind of play is not to be denied; we only ask that it be good of its kind, as it used to be in Mr. Planché's days. It is, we believe, eighteen years since "The Golden Fleece" was first put on the stage. Mr. Charles Mathews, who was the original Chorus, played, on that occasion, with Madame Vestris as the Medea. That was at the Haymarket. If we remember the glories of their reign at the Lyceum, we must think regretfully of the loss of much that served in those days to maintain a higher style of such entertainments than is usually provided for us now. But though Mr. Planché may write no more fresh pieces to shame the bunglers who have picked up his magic wand, a decree of Mr. Buckstone's suffices to raise up once more the airy and glittering fabric of a dramatic Travestie, which, if the topics of its facetious allusions be now somewhat stale, may yet bear witness to the intelligent and tasteful management of theatricals gone by. And though Madame Vestris has departed, a new Medea is found in Mrs. Charles Mathews, who plays this part most effectively, with a vast deal of energy, but with no less judgment and discrimination, and with a certain air of piquant sauciness which is extremely agreeable. Our present subject, however, is the general character of her husband's performances, and his position as a dramatic artist.

We conclude that the speciality of Mr. Charles Mathews in comedy is to display, in the most exaggerated forms of caricature, the vulgar presumption and insensibility to the rights and to the feelings of others, which characterise the modern *gent*. And that this portraiture should be recognised in Paris, as quickly as in London, we cannot at all wonder, seeing the deterioration of French manners under the Democratic Empire. If we would see the character of an English gentleman on the stage, we must go to see, not Mr. Charles Mathews, but Mr. Alfred Wigan, who alone possesses the art of theatrically rendering that fine simplicity of manner, that air of candour and sincerity, that firm and dignified repose on one's own merits, combined with sensibility and habitual deference to the feelings of one's company, which distinguish the well-bred man of the world. Sooner or later, it seems to be inevitable that our best actors, like our novelists, should lose their power of adaptability to new types of imagination, and each become, with his approved mannerism, the fixed pattern of a conventional figure, supposed by uncritical playgoers to resemble some particular class or variety of social life. Mr. Charles Mathews, indeed, is not a commonplace actor; but he ensures a success, as we have said, by his singular method of playing *with* the piece, while playing *in* it, and by the adroitness with which he takes the spectators, as it were, into his confidence against the dramatic illusion. The favour which he enjoys may thus in some degree be traced to a latent scepticism with regard to the value and capabilities of the dramatic art. If, as we are inclined to hope, the advent of Miss Bateman is a sign of returning originality and renewed strength in the department of Tragedy, we do not yet know where to look for such a promise in the department of Comedy, where Mr. Charles Mathews occupies a position reminding us of Lord Palmerston's in the political world. He will be congratulated, we hope, on his eternal juvenility for many years to come. But we should be glad to see the rising men of his profession, by a thorough study of its highest aims and of its most legitimate means, preparing for its exercise in a more truthful spirit, worthy of so famous and delightful an art.

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"Good Words" is a monthly serial, of low price and large circulation, which often contains contributions from very good writers. Moreover, the good writers generally sign their contributions, which has the effect of drawing more attention to them than possibly they might otherwise obtain. There is, for example, in the number for October an article on "Literary Work," by Alexander Smith, of which the place, the title, and the signature will procure for it, we fear, on the part of some persons, an unthinking acceptance of its doctrine. For the public not only likes to know who is speaking to it, but it likes to hear a man of some little name discourse of his own profession, and it will take on trust from him dogmas which, from unknown writers, would be demurred to.

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This is explicit, candid, and cool. The touch of deprecation of novelty of idea, "in a poem for instance," is charmingly simple and characteristic. But Mr. Smith not only propounds his theory, he repeats and insists upon it. Again, he says:—

"The thought is only a part of the poem or the essay, and the commonest part. What in a work of art is really valuable is the art. The statue that is only worth the weight of its metal is a very poor statue indeed.—The matter does not so much lie in the idea as in the use that is made of the idea.—In literature, the *how* a thing is said is of more importance than the thing itself. A thought, no more than a human being, is independent of this. Thought, if left to itself, will dissipate and die. Style preserves it as balsams preserve Pharaoh. Fine phrases are, after all, the most valuable things."

And accordingly, Mr. Smith gives us in this short essay fine phrases enough to embalm a pyramid of Pharaohs. Besides the coins, clay, pigments, bronzes, and balsams, which adorn the few sentences we have quoted, there is wealth untold of "figure or of trope," to the same effect, in this paper. Mountains, harps, architects, recruiting sergeants, Fingal's cave, the breath of a flower, the burning breast of a humming-bird, the *débris* of an early world, enamel, amalgams, secret windows, highwaymen, icy spears, all jostle each other within the limits of the single page from which our extracts are taken. Here is salt enough to preserve it to eternity, if it were only Attic salt. Salt is good, but if the salt have lost its savour, what do men do with it then?

It should indeed be noted, in justice to Mr. Smith, that the absurdity of his conclusions is only the necessary result of his apparently not knowing distinctly what he was saying. He does not distinguish the difference between thoughts and the facts upon which thoughts are exercised. For instance, he says:—

"I live—I love—I am happy—I am wretched—I was once young—I must die,—are extremely simple and commonplace ideas, which no one can claim as exclusive property, yet out of these have flowed all the poetry the world knows and all that it ever will know."

Now, let us examine the confusion of thought which this sentence betrays. "I live" is not an idea, except in Bishop Berkeley's theory, and as little do any of the other expressions represent ideas. They express facts. Upon these facts a thousand different ideas have been based, and a thousand new ones may be based. The facts are certainly simple and commonplace, but whether the ideas founded on them shall be so or not, depends wholly on the brain which shall give them birth. Commonplace brains will undoubtedly yield only commonplace ideas, shallow brains will furnish only frothy ideas; brains that cannot find original ideas must adopt "mine, yours, anybody's," and dress them up in "fine phrases." Indeed, although Mr. Smith, consoling himself for the decadence of style and rudeness of modern literary work,



tells us in another trope that there are no "dishes of peacocks' brains now, but there are wholesome wheaten loaves for all," we can assure him very positively that he is mistaken in the first branch of his assertion, and that we have sat at many a literary feast, quite recently, in which dishes of peacocks' brains formed the sole element of the repast.

We shall not pursue further Mr. Smith's confused notions of *meum* and *tuum*, or of facts and ideas. Nor shall we dwell upon the singular proposition which fills the second part of his paper, that style and literary work are chiefly worthy and delightful in so far as they show the personality of the writer. This is to make us all into tea-table gossips, and to suppose that we care for nothing more than to watch little emergent traits of character. Gossip is, no doubt, at times very pleasant to us all, from the stronger minds which enjoy Montaigne to the weaker ones which read A. K. H. B. But we cannot live upon gossip, and when Mr. Smith brings in "Hamlet" and "Paradise Lost" to illustrate the theory that "it is in the amount of this kind of personal revelation" (viz., of the writer himself) "that the final value of a book resides," he only shows that he cannot rise above the tea-table level. Quite a natural consequence, indeed, of that constitution of mind which can regard Shakespeare's "thoughts" as the "commonest part" of his works, and only preserved from oblivion by his "fine phrases."

But though Mr. Smith's essay can only take its place among the most singular curiosities of literature, it perhaps reflects a habit of mind which is not very rare among us. The tendency of the great modern increase of printing and reading is, despite his theory, to exalt style above matter. For it is style that first attracts the multitude, and which therefore best pays. True, we have not many works in which the style is as delicate, finished, and artistically wrought as in some of our classics. Our modern style is of a different fashion. It is more oratorical in character. It is addressed to the multitude, almost as directly as if spoken in their hearing, for it comes under their eyes within a few days, or hours, of its creation in the author's mind. So it naturally takes form in the shape of more personal allocution, it is at once more conversational and more elevated, less coldly correct, but with more life and nervous impulse. The object is, like that of oratory, to strike, hold, and persuade the minds of the crowd. And looking at it in this aspect, it is wonderfully well constructed. The style of the English which we read in our morning papers—dashed off as it is between dinner and midnight, is not merely smooth and clever, but is astonishingly pure, forcible, and correct. Not less nearly approaching perfection of its kind, is the style of the *best* writing in our weekly and monthly serials. But then, though the high pressure of civilization can give us this admirable artistic effort, it cannot supply the creative force of nature. So the ideas in our current literature are generally far inferior to the style. For originality and profoundness cannot be improvised to meet a popular demand. There is so much of them in the world at a given moment as living men happen to possess, and no education or skill can make the amount really more. All that education and skill can do is to make them *seem* more, by the cleverness of the style which conceals their absence. But unfortunately this trick of style once caught is turned to even less legitimate purposes. It is made not merely to cover want of thought but want of care and pains. Sometimes a daily journal will commit, with pompous rhetoric, a stupendous blunder. This may occur but once a year, but every week sees some minor blunder arising out of sheer carelessness. Our magazine writing contains fewer errors, for the editors have more time to revise it, but it embodies even a greater poverty of thought. We read it because the style tickles us, and then we forget it, spite of the "fine phrases" which ought to have embalmed it. So, too, with many of our books. Everybody, from Dickens and Thackeray down to Tupper and A. K. H. B., insists on writing long after he has told us everything he knows, merely because his style makes the readers who have been accustomed to it still buy his books. None but the earliest of the works of the greatest of our living essayists or novelists will survive the present generation, because in none but these is there any genuine and original thought contained. So far from calling on our authors to amend their style, we rather call upon them to renew their ideas, and to hold their pens until they are sure they have something to say that is worth being said.

#### A SIXTY YEARS' SECRET.

SECRETS are things made to be discovered, as promises, according to an immoral proverb, are things made to be broken; but they sometimes contrive to elude detection for a wonderfully long

period. We believe that people generally have no idea of the immense amount of secretiveness there is in human nature; how many men walk about with some strange, unsuspected fact darkly hidden away in the recesses of their own conscience! Does any one know all about any one else? Has any wife entire cognizance of all the antecedents of her husband? any husband complete information of the personal history of his wife? Could we write anything like an exhaustive biography of our nearest relatives, our most intimate friends? Are we sure that we know the number of members of our own family, or that some day, when we are rising sixty, we shall not be surprised by the descent on us, from the far west of America, of some unimagined brother, or supernumerary first cousin? It is not many months ago since the police reports introduced to us the case of a gentleman, married for many years, who discovered in the person of a faithful domestic the important relation of a sister-in-law. Doubtless that worthy gentleman thought there were no secrets between the partner of his fortunes and himself; yet all the while she was furtively harbouring her sister in the guise of a woman of all work. Perhaps the gentleman was not without *his* secret; for most of us have some dark chamber in our bosoms, of which we like to retain possession of the key. There may be nothing criminal or disgraceful in that chamber; it may be merely something sorrowful; but we prefer to keep the door locked, and it is only at times, in the utter solitariness of self-communion, that even we enter the obscure dungeon, and face the spectres of old memory. Some of us, indeed, have secret rooms in our minds as horrible as that of Blue Beard; for, when we consider the number of unpunished murders that have been committed of late years, it is clear that there must be many undiscovered murderers in our midst. But these, thank God! are very exceptional instances. Still, a vast number of people have some skeleton (over and above that bestowed on them by nature) which they are mightily concerned to thrust away out of sight. Vain task! They may succeed for years, but the revelation comes at length. Blue Beard, in a fit of insane confidence, gave the key of his murderous museum to his wife, with strict injunctions not to open the door, forgetting that she would be certain to do so as soon as his back was turned. Husbands are not so simply confiding now-a-days, but the skeleton slips out nevertheless. His custodian is loquacious in his cups one day, or talks in his sleep one night; he is put off his guard by a question, or dumbfounded by the sudden production of a document; some good-natured friend who is in the secret chooses to tattle, or some inconceivable conjunction of circumstances takes place;—when behold! the doors of the jealously guarded chamber are instantly flung wide, and the skeleton stands confessed.

It is not often that a secret is kept for close upon sixty years, and then divulged, with the awkward result of a committal for trial on a criminal charge. But a case brought the other day before the magistrates sitting in Petty Sessions at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, proves that even this is not impossible. The charge then and there brought against Mr. James Clifford, of Shardlow, a gentleman of property, was to the effect that he had in the year 1804 abstracted a leaf from the register of the parish of Longford, Derbyshire, containing a certain entry of baptism, dated the 8th of November, 1727. The imputed offence was committed "against the peace of the late King George III., his crown and dignity," at a time when men were yet wearing knee-breeches, and the more old-fashioned among them wigs; a time long anterior to railways and steam vessels, to police and omnibuses—when Waterloo was yet eleven years off in the future, when Nelson had not fought Trafalgar, when the Waverley Novels were unknown, and the meteor of Byron's poetry had not even glimmered on the horizon; when William Pitt was still Prime Minister of England, and John Singleton Copley, whom we mourned the other day as the venerable Lord Lyndhurst, was scanning his first brief. It was in 1804 that General Buonaparte, First Consul, developed into Napoleon, First Emperor. The brilliant decade of that empire, with its feverish supplement of the Hundred Days,—the Restoration, and the sluggish epoch that followed it,—the reign of Louis Philippe, and the fifteen years of restored Napoleonism,—at home a complete reconstruction of social usages, and abroad, revolutions unnumbered in all the countries of the world,—have given the historian matter for a thousand volumes, and the moralist occasion for any amount of didacticism, since Mr. Clifford, of Shardlow, first stored up that secret in his mind; yet it has only just come to light. The crown and dignity of three sovereigns have been sinned against in all kinds of ways since the sovereign whose laws were offended when that leaf was abstracted from the register. By this small incident we may estimate with cruel precision the mutability of states and the evanescence of human greatness. Mr. Clifford's



which is, like others by the same author, a work of airy and sportive fancy, of wild yet not ungraceful humour, whimsical in its conception, neat in its literary execution, composed in smooth and musical verse, abounding in felicitous quips and trickery of language, and sparkling, here and there, with bright jets of genuine wit. It is such a work as the Byrons and Burnands of the day, to whom Mr. Planché has abandoned this sort of composition, are utterly incompetent to supply. The popular taste for this kind of play is not to be denied; we only ask that it be good of its kind, as it used to be in Mr. Planché's days. It is, we believe, eighteen years since "The Golden Fleece" was first put on the stage. Mr. Charles Mathews, who was the original Chorus, played, on that occasion, with Madame Vestris as the Medea. That was at the Haymarket. If we remember the glories of their reign at the Lyceum, we must think regretfully of the loss of much that served in those days to maintain a higher style of such entertainments than is usually provided for us now. But though Mr. Planché may write no more fresh pieces to shame the bunglers who have picked up his magic wand, a decree of Mr. Buckstone's suffices to raise up once more the airy and glittering fabric of a dramatic Travestie, which, if the topics of its facetious allusions be now somewhat stale, may yet bear witness to the intelligent and tasteful management of theatricals gone by. And though Madame Vestris has departed, a new Medea is found in Mrs. Charles Mathews, who plays this part most effectively, with a vast deal of energy, but with no less judgment and discrimination, and with a certain air of piquant sauciness which is extremely agreeable. Our present subject, however, is the general character of her husband's performances, and his position as a dramatic artist.

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tells us in another trope that there are no "dishes of peacocks' brains now, but there are wholesome wheaten loaves for all," we can assure him very positively that he is mistaken in the first branch of his assertion, and that we have sat at many a literary feast, quite recently, in which dishes of peacocks' brains formed the sole element of the repast.

We shall not pursue further Mr. Smith's confused notions of *meum* and *tuum*, or of facts and ideas. Nor shall we dwell upon the singular proposition which fills the second part of his paper, that style and literary work are chiefly worthy and delightful in so far as they show the personality of the writer. This is to make us all into tea-table gossips, and to suppose that we care for nothing more than to watch little emergent traits of character. Gossip is, no doubt, at times very pleasant to us all, from the stronger minds which enjoy Montaigne to the weaker ones which read A. K. H. B. But we cannot live upon gossip, and when Mr. Smith brings in "Hamlet" and "Paradise Lost" to illustrate the theory that "it is in the amount of this kind of personal revelation" (viz., of the writer himself) "that the final value of a book resides," he only shows that he cannot rise above the tea-table level. Quite a natural consequence, indeed, of that constitution of mind which can regard Shakespeare's "thoughts" as the "commonest part" of his works, and only preserved from oblivion by his "fine phrases."

But though Mr. Smith's essay can only take its place among the most singular curiosities of literature, it perhaps reflects a habit of mind which is not very rare among us. The tendency of the great modern increase of printing and reading is, despite his theory, to exalt style above matter. For it is style that first attracts the multitude, and which therefore best pays. True, we have not many works in which the style is as delicate, finished, and artistically wrought as in some of our classics. Our modern style is of a different fashion. It is more oratorical in character. It is addressed to the multitude, almost as directly as if spoken in their hearing, for it comes under their eyes within a few days, or hours, of its creation in the author's mind. So it naturally takes form in the shape of more personal allocution, it is at once more conversational and more elevated, less coldly correct, but with more life and nervous impulse. The object is, like that of oratory, to strike, hold, and persuade the minds of the crowd. And looking at it in this aspect, it is wonderfully well constructed. The style of the English which we read in our morning papers—dashed off as it is between dinner and midnight, is not merely smooth and clever, but is astonishingly pure, forcible, and correct. Not less nearly approaching perfection of its kind, is the style of the *best* writing in our weekly and monthly serials. But then, though the high pressure of civilization can give us this admirable artistic effort, it cannot supply the creative force of nature. So the ideas in our current literature are generally far inferior to the style. For originality and profoundness cannot be improvised to meet a popular demand. There is so much of them in the world at a given moment as living men happen to possess, and no education or skill can make the amount really more. All that education and skill can do is to make them *seem* more, by the cleverness of the style which conceals their absence. But unfortunately this trick of style once caught is turned to even less legitimate purposes. It is made not merely to cover want of thought but want of care and pains. Sometimes a daily journal will commit, with pompous rhetoric, a stupendous blunder. This may occur but once a year, but every week sees some minor blunder arising out of sheer carelessness. Our magazine writing contains fewer errors, for the editors have more time to revise it, but it embodies even a greater poverty of thought. We read it because the style tickles us, and then we forget it, spite of the "fine phrases" which ought to have embalmed it. So, too, with many of our books. Everybody, from Dickens and Thackeray down to Tupper and A. K. H. B., insists on writing long after he has told us everything he knows, merely because his style makes the readers who have been accustomed to it still buy his books. None but the earliest of the works of the greatest of our living essayists or novelists will survive the present generation, because in none but these is there any genuine and original thought contained. So far from calling on our authors to amend their style, we rather call upon them to renew their ideas, and to hold their pens until they are sure they have something to say that is worth being said.

#### A SIXTY YEARS' SECRET.

SECRETS are things made to be discovered, as promises, according to an immoral proverb, are things made to be broken; but they sometimes contrive to elude detection for a wonderfully long

period. We believe that people generally have no idea of the immense amount of secretiveness there is in human nature; how many men walk about with some strange, unsuspected fact darkly hidden away in the recesses of their own conscience! Does any one know all about any one else? Has any wife entire cognizance of all the antecedents of her husband? any husband complete information of the personal history of his wife? Could we write anything like an exhaustive biography of our nearest relatives, our most intimate friends? Are we sure that we know the number of members of our own family, or that some day, when we are rising sixty, we shall not be surprised by the descent on us, from the far west of America, of some unimagined brother, or supernumerary first cousin? It is not many months ago since the police reports introduced to us the case of a gentleman, married for many years, who discovered in the person of a faithful domestic the important relation of a sister-in-law. Doubtless that worthy gentleman thought there were no secrets between the partner of his fortunes and himself; yet all the while she was furtively harbouring her sister in the guise of a woman of all work. Perhaps the gentleman was not without *his* secret; for most of us have some dark chamber in our bosoms, of which we like to retain possession of the key. There may be nothing criminal or disgraceful in that chamber; it may be merely something sorrowful; but we prefer to keep the door locked, and it is only at times, in the utter solitariness of self-communion, that even we enter the obscure dungeon, and face the spectres of old memory. Some of us, indeed, have secret rooms in our minds as horrible as that of Blue Beard; for, when we consider the number of unpunished murders that have been committed of late years, it is clear that there must be many undiscovered murderers in our midst. But these, thank God! are very exceptional instances. Still, a vast number of people have some skeleton (over and above that bestowed on them by nature) which they are mightily concerned to thrust away out of sight. Vain task! They may succeed for years, but the revelation comes at length. Blue Beard, in a fit of insane confidence, gave the key of his murderous museum to his wife, with strict injunctions not to open the door, forgetting that she would be certain to do so as soon as his back was turned. Husbands are not so simply confiding now-a-days, but the skeleton slips out nevertheless. His custodian is loquacious in his cups one day, or talks in his sleep one night; he is put off his guard by a question, or dumbfounded by the sudden production of a document; some good-natured friend who is in the secret chooses to tattle, or some inconceivable conjunction of circumstances takes place;—when behold! the doors of the jealously guarded chamber are instantly flung wide, and the skeleton stands confessed.

It is not often that a secret is kept for close upon sixty years, and then divulged, with the awkward result of a committal for trial on a criminal charge. But a case brought the other day before the magistrates sitting in Petty Sessions at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, proves that even this is not impossible. The charge then and there brought against Mr. James Clifford, of Shardlow, a gentleman of property, was to the effect that he had in the year 1804 abstracted a leaf from the register of the parish of Longford, Derbyshire, containing a certain entry of baptism, dated the 8th of November, 1727. The imputed offence was committed "against the peace of the late King George III., his crown and dignity," at a time when men were yet wearing knee-breeches, and the more old-fashioned among them wigs; a time long anterior to railways and steam vessels, to police and omnibuses—when Waterloo was yet eleven years off in the future, when Nelson had not fought Trafalgar, when the Waverley Novels were unknown, and the meteor of Byron's poetry had not even glimmered on the horizon; when William Pitt was still Prime Minister of England, and John Singleton Copley, whom we mourned the other day as the venerable Lord Lyndhurst, was scanning his first brief. It was in 1804 that General Buonaparte, First Consul, developed into Napoleon, First Emperor. The brilliant decade of that empire, with its feverish supplement of the Hundred Days,—the Restoration, and the sluggish epoch that followed it,—the reign of Louis Philippe, and the fifteen years of restored Napoleonism,—at home a complete reconstruction of social usages, and abroad, revolutions unnumbered in all the countries of the world,—have given the historian matter for a thousand volumes, and the moralist occasion for any amount of didacticism, since Mr. Clifford, of Shardlow, first stored up that secret in his mind; yet it has only just come to light. The crown and dignity of three sovereigns have been sinned against in all kinds of ways since the sovereign whose laws were offended when that leaf was abstracted from the register. By this small incident we may estimate with cruel precision the mutability of states and the evanescence of human greatness. Mr. Clifford's



secret (though it was in the keeping of some others too) has survived many a dynasty and republic, outlived divers social conditions and usages, and seen the rise and decay of not a few literary styles. Assuredly Mr. Clifford is a very clever or a very lucky gentleman. He has beaten the holder of Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Dead Secret" all to nothing.

The story does not come out quite clearly in the evidence, but, as far as we can see, the circumstances have nothing very extraordinary about them, except the long concealment of the imputed act. The abstraction of leaves from registers is not an uncommon thing in our criminal and legal annals, and it has often found its way into fiction. In the celebrated Berkeley peerage case there was some such incident, and newspaper readers, as well as the patrons of circulating libraries, must be familiar with it. The motive, which is generally in the highest degree nefarious, seems, in the case of Mr. Clifford, to have been pure unreasoning kindness, or, at the worst, nothing more than a desire to get his own. A Mr. James Sutton, long since dead, was interested in certain property coming to him, as he asserted, through the person the registry of whose baptism, in 1727, was removed from the book in 1804. It does not clearly appear that Mr. Clifford was concerned in the property, though, perhaps, it may be inferred that he had a share in it. At any rate, he seems to have acted on the request of Mr. James Sutton, to enable him to prove his claim. When spoken to on the subject some years ago, he said "it was a trick of youth;" and certainly he must have been in the very greenness of his sallet days to act in so foolish a manner. A strange feature in the business is that the secret was known to several persons, and yet has only just come to general publicity. One of the witnesses produced a certificate signed in 1837 by Thomas Sutton, the brother of James Sutton, in which the facts are set forth and the signature duly witnessed. To whom this certificate was given, or for what object it was signed, are facts that do not appear; indeed, either the evidence was badly got up by the Ashbourne lawyers, or it is imperfectly reported. Why no proceedings should have been taken before is inexplicable on the face of things. As far back as 1816, John Brassington, then a youth of eighteen, and now a man of sixty-five, accused Mr. Clifford, in the presence of Mrs. James Sutton, of the abstraction of the leaf; but beyond the fact of Mr. Clifford being overcome with consternation, and Mrs. Sutton being struck dumb for a minute or two, nothing came of it. Again in 1851 was the too generous friend taxed with the commission of his thoughtless misdeed by certain persons whose connection with the case is involved in utter obscurity, as far as any one can make out from the report. But still nothing came of it. Mr. Clifford might have been tempted to believe that he had acquired immunity by the mere lapse of time.

The routing up of such an old offence should give encouragement to all officers of justice who may have been a little disheartened of late by the frequent failure of detection. While there is life there is hope—of catching your criminal. Let the wretch "unwhipt of justice" tremble and take warning, even though half a century of silence and of fancied security has supervened upon the crime. Mr. Inspector Buckett may descend into some very deep wells yet. If the committer of a venial offence—a mere "trick of youth," coupled with no dishonest intention—is to suffer pains and penalties after nearly sixty years, it will seem hard should the great criminals escape untouched. We are not without a hope that the murderer of Eliza Grimwood in 1838 will still turn up—say, some thirty years hence. Justice may be slow (in consequence of the bandage over her eyes), but we will forgive her if at the same time she is sure. It is a game at blind man's buff, and you cannot expect that the right person, or any person at all, shall be seized on the instant. The prosecution at Ashbourne must be taken as compensation for numerous temporary failures in more important cases. Henceforward, let "Nil desperandum" be the motto of all detectives.

#### TATTERSALL'S.

TATTERSALL'S is essentially an English institution. Its foreign imitation in the Champs Elysées is quite another thing. There is no place like Tattersall's throughout the entire world. At Tattersall's swells and snobs, princes of the blood and pothouse betting-list keepers, shoulder each other in the narrow dreary passage which might be the entrance to the mews of St. George's Hospital, supposing the patients to keep horses. Until he had proceeded some distance down the avenue, the stranger might have no idea what place he was about to visit; for the outside selva of horsiness, the tattered red-waistcoated horse-holders, the loungers and loafers and straw-chewers, are common to the portals of all the great horse-

dealers and livery-stable keepers, and are to be found hanging about Limmer's, the Tavistock, and other hotels essentially devoted to bachelors. Probably the first thing that would have the effect of local colour on his mind would be the sight of a humble imitator of the great "Jerry" of bygone Epsom and Ascot fame—a miserable individual in a stained hunting-coat, the colour of a three-year-old Post-office Directory, and a shapeless velvet hunting-cap—who is now reduced to proffer cigar-lights for sale as an excuse for mendicancy. This wretched being who, with his meaningless mouthings, reminds one more of a Galway *omadhaun*, or a Swiss *crétin*, than of a sturdy English vagrant, is a kind of outpost sentinel of the grand gathering of "noble sportsmen," and after passing him you plunge at once into the ruck, and can have no doubt about your having fallen among thieves. It is a thoroughly well known fact that the palmy days of the turf are gone by, and that but very few gentlemen are now numbered among its supporters. These gentlemen, who, impelled by natural love of racing, high opinion of their own sharpness, hankering after gain, or that invincible desire of being "cocks of the walk," which leads them to love lower society—yet hold fondly by old traditions, and enrol themselves as patrons of the turf, will be found at the bottom of this avenue in a square brick building, which looks like a Dissenters' meeting-house, but which is in reality the famous "Subscription-room," to which access can only be had by members duly balloted for, who pay a subscription of two guineas a year, and whose exclusiveness is guaranteed by a specially surly porter, assisted occasionally by a couple of policemen. Here, and on a green sward known as the Ring, sprinkled here and there with trees, and shady as the lives of many of its frequenters, do my Lord Tom Noddy and his comrades compare their "metallics," and do their best to profit by their own information and their friends' ignorance. This is the paradise of the betting man, where he sits at his ease and listens to blandly-quoted odds, and the latest stable tips, and the most recent *canards* from distant training-grounds; and here a physiognomist would find inanity and vacuity the most prevalent character-types. Occasionally you come upon the set mouth, the sunken eye, the furtive glance, and the firm face, but a study of the Subscription-room and the Ring would show receding foreheads, long upper lips, silky moustaches and whiskers, expressionless light eyes, and an attempt at a chin sloping rapidly from the mouth into the turned-down collar, to be the principal features.

But if this be Paradise, take one look at the crowd of Paris "at the gate," and kept there by the surly porter. These be your men into whose hands the business of the turf, erst conducted by a Bentinck, a Gully, a Gratwicke, and a Zeland, has descended. Here they are, of all styles. Big, heavy, elderly men from Yorkshire and the northern counties, red-faced and hard-voiced; dressed in thick, square-cut, ill-setting shooting-coats and trousers; wearing big boots, and hats with long nap, and large rolls of cravat knotted under the chin. Publicans from Shoreditch and the Minories, fat jowly, greasy men, with no whiskers and short-cut hair, dressed in black, with black satin waistcoats a little frayed near the pockets by the silver watch-guard—men whose small chaise-carts, drawn by tiny fast-trotting ponies, now covered with leopard-skin rugs, are awaiting them in Grosvenor-place, under the shadow of Mr. Wyatt's hideous mounted effigy of "the Dook." Lithe, light-limbed little men, with fair hair flattened to their heads under their billycock hats, and close-fitting cutaway coats and tight trousers and long feet, and cravats so flat that they looked as if they had been ironed when on, and always ornamented with a pin in the shape of a very pewtery-looking fox's head, with red glass eyes, or horse's shoe with each nail distinctly picked out. Carpenters with the smell of the shavings and the chips yet hanging about them; mechanics with their eyes yet ring-dovey in appearance from the black that will not wash off; the thorough London cad with his seedy second-hand clothes, his shiny broken hat, his never-absent "aggerawator" side-curl, his restless eye, and sour, mordant tongue; a sprinkling of professionally-attired grooms, acceptance-list betters, and broken-down touts—a steaming, seething, hoarsely-whispering, blaspheming mass. "Who wants to bet? I'll lay against Jack o' Arts! I'll lay against Ketch-em-live! I'll lay against any one bar one. To back the field! who wants to back the field?" As the vague rumours come to these base imitators from the lordly Ring, as hints of breaking-downs or bad gallops, or intended "scratchings," or diminished powers of "staying," are brought up by the outlying touts, so does the business vacillate in this dirty and unrecognized Exchange. But one thing may be looked upon as certain; that when thousands of pounds change aristocratic owners in the Paradise of the Subscription-room, thousands of half-crowns are bandied between the dirty hands of the disconsolate Paris outside.

There Monday and the horseflesh. This young is of the wood, a with a d with a p over his here and perfect young I stud is fencers Hat Hu people p made a noble de which al the other wanting luncheon Mr. Tat Kate," i high, ar though t scowling to back order co helper at lashing o her poin slim, fair dark ove his ear Three yo coats an of H.R. visite po look w there is delight o who has those sca Two or t the crow Chantilly carefully years ag collars, t be mista are. Sw the look- the bank brougha very susp great int by his b Kicking to her b who will on; and a couple hammer, trotting his grey betake t the esta strength There Tattersall therefore, last year a century

THE p spectacle, managem crowds w



There is another and a pleasanter phase of Tattersall's,—on Monday morning, the sale day, when the racing men are absent, and the yard is filled with intending buyers, connoisseurs of horseflesh, or men with horsey tendencies, passing a vacant hour. This yard is on the right hand, at the bottom of the passage, and is of the stable stably; entered through a square orifice in a sheet of wood, and when entered found to be a square, roughly-paved court, with a cupola in the centre, serving as the auctioneer's rostrum, with a painted effigy of a fox for his desk, and a bust of George IV. over his head. There are covered avenues round the sides, with here and there loose boxes leading into them; and on the left a perfect grove of stable-doors. There is a crowded attendance, for young Lord Stampfoot has come to grief at last, and his hunting stud is coming to the hammer. There are in the printed list rare fencers well known with the Quorn and the Pytchley and the Flat Hat Hunt. Little difficulty in selling these horses; for half the people present have known them in the field, and the other half made acquaintance with them yesterday afternoon; when, in that noble desecration of the Sabbath at which Government winks, and in which all the hard-working sporting men who have nothing to do in the other six week-days delight, the stables were visited by every one wanting a horse, or having nothing else to fill up the time between luncheon and the hour when it was proper to "do" the Park. Mr. Tattersall mounts his rostrum, and the first lot, "Kicking Kate," is led out—a tall, powerful, dark bay mare, sixteen hands high, arched neck, clean lean head, and hind-quarters looking as though they could shoot a rider "into the next county." A sunken, scowling eye, though showing a good deal of white, and a tendency to back-stiffening, betray the origin of Kate's cognomen. The order comes, "Give her a run," and away goes the mare, with a helper at her head, up and down the gravelled avenue, occasionally lashing out right and left, and finally stands against the wall with all her points well displayed. Then the crowd gathers round her,—a slim, fair man, with breezy whiskers and keen eyes, dressed in a dark overcoat and tight-fitting, fawn-coloured, ribbed trousers, puts his ear close to the mare's mouth, and listens to her breathing. Three young gentlemen, arm-in-arm,—all in tightly-buttoned frock-coats and rather bell-shaped hats, made upon the exact model of H.R.H. the Prince, as he appears in the thousand *carte de visite* portraits which he has generously permitted to be taken,—look wonderingly at the animal, and interchange opinions that there is "something the matter with her legs;" to the immense delight of the red-faced, white-hatted old gentleman standing by, who has lived among horses since his birth, and who knows that those scars and marks are best proofs of Kate's prowess in the field. Two or three French gentlemen will also probably be found among the crowd, subscribers to *Le Sport*, faithful attendants at the Chantilly race-course, *membres du Jockey Club*, and Anglomaniacs, carefully got up in the style prevalent among Englishmen twelve years ago—shaved chins, mutton-chop whiskers, stiff, stand-up collars, almost brimless hats, yet who are utterly impossible to be mistaken for anything but masquerading Frenchmen as they are. Swells are there, too, gorgeous and solemn; stockbrokers on the look-out for clever trotting mares for their dog-carts; Rowdy, the banker, wanting a big horse with high action for Mrs. Rowdy's brougham; a stout man with his coat-collar turned up, but looking very suspiciously like a country parson, who is examining with great interest a weight-carrying cob; and a Paterfamilias urged on by his boy to the acquisition of a grey pony. The sale proceeds: Kicking Kate falls, at the price of £180, to the man who listened to her breathing, who is Rasp, the well-known horse-dealer, and who will sell her again in a week for £250. Other lots are brought on; and in an hour or two Lord Stampfoot's creditors are richer by a couple of thousand pounds. The single horses then come to the hammer, and are quickly disposed of; the stockbrokers get their trotting mares, Rowdy his big brougham-horse, and *parvus Iulus* his grey pony; and when business is over, the grooms and helpers betake themselves to a very quaint, old-fashioned tavern, part of the establishment, situate within the gates, and recruit their strength with unlimited beer.

There is a rumour that it is in contemplation at once to remove Tattersall's to other premises north of Hyde-park; and this seemed, therefore, a fitting opportunity to describe it as it appeared in its last year on the ground which it has occupied for three quarters of a century.

#### DRAMATIC SPECTACLE.

THE public taste for grandeur and magnificence in dramatic *spectacle*, which was so signally shown during the Princess's management of Mr. Charles Kean, and which, to judge from the crowds who nightly flock to the performance of "Manfred" at

Drury Lane, is even now on the increase, has been accounted by many unthinking persons as one of the surest symptoms of the decline of a pure and healthy love for the drama in this country. We are told that ever so rubbishing a play will go down if it have only the adventitious aid of gorgeous scenery and sumptuous dresses. We are twitted with the preference shown for blue fire over blank verse, and reminded that even the doggerel couplets and idiotic puns of a burlesque require to be spiced by a nigger dance at the end of each scene, and a liberal display of the lower limbs of the female performers throughout the piece. In these assertions there is a little truth and a great deal of error. It is to a certain extent undeniable that Mr. Charles Kean—whose few errors have been, however, atoned for a hundred-fold by the good he has done—did sometimes sacrifice the purity of Shakespeare's text, and mar the unity of his action, by interpolations of *spectacle*, of which the sole aim and end was the glorification of upholstery, fine clothes, and dazzling processions. It is equally true that scores of the most worthless and imbecile extravaganzas of late years have had only the scene painter, the machinist, the costumier, and the ballet-master to thank for the lengthened runs they have enjoyed. But, on the whole, we are not disposed to regard the general appreciation of *spectacle* in its most grandiose aspect as an unwholesome or a perilous sign. It is but fair to a much-belied public to remember that they have refused to tolerate very many bad pieces, notwithstanding the splendour of the scenery, dresses, and decorations which accompanied them. Mr. Fitzball's "Nitocris," on the production of which Mr. E. T. Smith expended something like five thousand pounds, was a lamentable failure. The *mise en scene* was perfect, but the drama was absurd. More recently a Drury Lane audience could not be brought to endure Mr. Falconer's "Bonnie Dundee," mounted as it was on a really stupendous scale, and abounding in artistic groupings, startling situations, and bewildering stage effects. There was no meaning in the play itself; it narrowly escaped, on the first evening of its representation, being hissed off the stage, and it was speedily, and at a ruinous loss to the management, withdrawn. The "Golden Dagger," at the Princess's, in despite of the charm of Mr. Fechter's acting and the dexterity of Mr. Harris as a conductor of *spectacle*, met with a fate almost as unfortunate; and more than one English "spectacular" opera at Covent Garden, under the Pyne and Harrison management, has found the brilliance of its scenery and elaboration of its *ballet* impotent to compensate for the weakness of its music and the stupidity of its plot.

The success of "Manfred," which seems to be what the French term "an accomplished fact," is, nevertheless, exceedingly curious, and not quite comprehensible. The drama—if drama, indeed, a well-nigh intolerable exertion can be called—is assuredly one of the dreariest performances to which an English audience was ever compelled to listen. Nobody knows who Manfred is, or what he has done, or anything about him; yet the piece draws crowded houses nightly, partly, it may be conjectured, through a vague feeling of reverence entertained by the public for the genius of Lord Byron—partly, it may with greater show of reason be assumed, through the well-earned popularity and undeniable talent of Mr. Phelps; but chiefly, we conceive, through the great beauty of Mr. Telbin's scenery. The *spectacle*, otherwise, is not so imposing as that which failed to achieve a triumph for "Bonnie Dundee." The Hall of Ahrimanes is the only scene in which the stage is crowded, and the ballet is short and trivial. But these magnificent Alpine views seem to have taken the town by storm; it is certainly a phenomenon to find pit, boxes, and gallery in earnest communion, night after night, with the wild sublimity of nature; and one might almost fancy, from the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon the rugged peaks and glaciers, the rocks and boulders of the "sets" at Old Drury, that the teachings of Mr. Ruskin and the example of the Alpine Club had penetrated to the lowest strata of the population. That the public taste has been purified and elevated during the last quarter of a century can scarcely be denied; for it must be borne in mind that "Acis and Galatea," as produced by Mr. Macready, with all the advantages of Handel's music sung by competent artists, and exquisite scenery painted by Mr. Stanfield, was more an æsthetic than a commercial success, and scarcely repaid its outlay. The critics and the connoisseurs applauded; but Mr. Macready's treasury benefited very little by the spirited and scholarlike experiment he made. In like manner, Dryden's "King Arthur," which was surely as dramatic in its construction as "Manfred," and on the production of which vast sums were lavished, failed to please. Almost all that is recollected in these days of a most gorgeous *spectacle* is that Mr. Sims Reeves sang,



"Come, if you dare!" to Purcell's music in one of its scenes. Nor especially must it be omitted to mention that Henry Taylor's noble play of "Philip van Artevelde," with Macready in the chief character, with scenery by William Beverley, and with two hundred supernumeraries in "real armour" on the stage at one time, extorted but a brief and cold recognition from the polished and intelligent Princess's audience, who were afterwards to hail with such cordiality the Shakespearian *spectacles* of Mr. Kean.

There were, however, strong men before Agamemnon; and the public are not to imagine that even the time-honoured Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, or the veteran Mr. David Roberts, or the facile Mr. Telbin, or the poetic Mr. Beverley, or the graceful Mr. Callcott, are the fathers of scene-painting or the inventors of *spectacle* in England. The Stanfields and Robertses had a mighty predecessor whose name was Philip de Louthembourg, and he, although at the distance of more than a hundred years, had a mightier predecessor whose name was Inigo Jones. The spectacular arrangements of the masques performed before James and Charles I., all fell within the province of this great architect; and these masques were, *de fait et de volonté*, dramatic *spectacles*. Of Sir Christopher Wren ever having paid attention to the decoration of the stage there is no positive proof; but it is not improbable that he was at least consulted in the arrangement of the tableau the description of which we quote from the stage directions appended to Dryden's perversion of Shakespeare's "Tempest:"—

"The front of the stage," says the copy of 1669, "is opened, and the band of twenty-four violins, with the harpsichals and theorbos which accompany the voices, are placed within the pit and the stage. While the overture is playing, the curtain rises and discovers a new frontispiece joined to the great pylasters on each side of the stage. This frontispiece is a noble arch, supported by large wreath'd columns of the Corinthian order. The wreathings of these columns are beautified by roses wound around them, and several Cupids flying about them. On the cornice, just over the capitals, sits on either side a figure, with a trumpet in one hand and a palm in the other, representing Fame. A little further on, on the same cornice, on each side of a compass-pediment, are a lion and a unicorn, the supporters of the royal arms of England. In the middle of the arch are several angels, holding the king's arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that compass-pediment. Behind this is the scene, which represents a thick cloudy sky, a very rocky coast, and a tempestuous sea in perpetual agitation. This tempest (supposed to be raised by magick) has many dreadful objects in it, as several spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the sailors, then rising and crossing in the air; and when the ship is sinking, the whole house is darkened, and a shower of fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with lightning and several claps of thunder to the end of the storm."

The introduction of "flying Cupids," "a tempestuous sea in perpetual agitation," "spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the sailors, then rising and crossing in the air," the "darkening" of the house, the lightning and thunder, and the "shower of fire," would seem to argue the possession of very elaborate means and appliances for the production of scenic effect; while the description of the new "frontispiece," although incongruous and extravagant, is sufficient to show that persons possessing some architectural knowledge were employed in "getting-up" this piece. The "Tempest" was first acted at the Duke of York's Theatre; but the magnificence displayed in it was surpassed by that bestowed on the "State of Innocence," the impudent paraphrase of "Paradise Lost."

We have not idly cited the names of great artists and architects as indubitably or assumedly interested in the decoration of the stage in former times. It is well known that the illustrious Venetian, Canaletto, was a professional scene-painter; and what Antonio Canal did for the theatres of Venice, Salvator Rosa had done for the theatres of Rome. Palladio, likewise, would have thought his work at Parma but ill done had he not at least directed the scenic distribution as well as the architectural proportions of the enormous opera-house he constructed for that city. And lest purists should imagine that an architect derogates from the severe dignity of his vocation by attending to the concerns of the "poor players," it may be observed that there are at this very day extant in the scene-room of Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket divers views of Gothic interiors, designed for the Messrs. Grieve, by the gifted and devout Gothic revivalist, Alfred Welby Pugin.

Italy, however, was the fountain-head of scene-painting, and in Italy were devised the greater number of those ingenious mechanisms which constitute what are termed, in theatrical parlance, "effects." Italian painters and machinists organized the Great King's ballets at Versailles; the London Opera House can boast of a long line of Italian scenic artists, of whom Signor Aglio was the last; and the chorographic spectacles at the Scala at Milan and the San Carlo at Naples are still sufficient to show the high degree of excellence which the spectacular art had formerly attained in the South. In the majority of English theatres, how-

ever, scenic decoration sank, during the eighteenth century, to the lowest pitch of degradation; conventional "cut woods;" "stage-doors" serving as the entrance to robbers' caves (the windows over the said doors doing duty as Juliet's casement and balcony); "set pieces," whose vegetation was indifferent either to the tropics or the Arctic regions; Corinthian columns in "Macbeth," and Gothic castles in "Julius Caesar," were unblushingly paraded before the public, and harmonized (so far as irremediable cacophony could) with actors who played the Thane of Cawdor in the uniform of a captain in the Guards, and actresses who represented Clytemnestra in powder and a hoop. The shipwreck scene in the "Tempest," was discreetly omitted; the senators in the trial scene of the "Merchant of Venice" used to be accoutred in the cast-off robes of English peers; the Doge commonly wore a full-bottomed wig, and Portia appeared in the traditional horse-hair, bombazine, and bands of the English bar. Scenery, dresses, properties, music, all fell into a chaos of slovenly and shabby incongruity, infinitely more absurd, infinitely more regrettable than obtained in the earlier days of Elizabethan theatres, when the stage was strewn with rushes, and court gallants sat on stools thereupon, smoking pipes; and a sheet of paper with "this is a forest," "this is a palace," written on it, and pinned to a curtain, was held sufficient to denote all changes of locality.

The costumes, the *mise en scène*, and the artistic and historical properties of the English stage were destined, however, to undergo a surprising reform and development. That reform is too intimately connected with the revival in art and the progress in education by which the nineteenth century has been distinguished to be lightly dismissed; and we must reserve for a future occasion the consideration of the proportions to which dramatic *spectacle* has grown, and those which it appears to us it is still susceptible of attaining.

## CHURCH REFORM.

### THE BURIAL SERVICE.

BISHOP BUTLER, in one of the most remarkable passages in his great work, points out the fact that, while practical habits are formed and strengthened by repeated use, mere passive impressions are apt to grow weaker by repetition. The result of this deeply-rooted principle of our nature is, that evils with which we have for a long time been familiar, but which we have at the same time made no serious effort to cure, are far more difficult to deal with remedially when the time for action comes, than others the existence of which has but recently been brought to light. It is in this way only, as it seems to us, that the multiplied anomalies and abuses which still subsist in the law, both civil and ecclesiastical, of this country, can be accounted for; and to this one cause probably, more than to any other, must be attributed the present unsatisfactory condition of our English Ritual, and the difficulty there is in arousing the public mind to see the necessity of providing for it a speedy and effectual remedy.

We have been led to make these remarks, in consequence of what has recently occurred in Parliament in reference to the Burial Service. So patent, and even glaring, are the present anomalies of this otherwise beautiful and impressive Service, that when the subject of its immediate revisal was recently brought forward in the House of Lords, not a single voice, either from bishop or lay peer, was raised in its defence. Even the Archbishop of Canterbury was found to declare that the severest penalties of the law ought rather to be incurred than that the Service should be read in certain cases where the law now requires that it must be read; and the unhesitating verdict of the Lord Chancellor was, that the present condition of the whole affair was so bad, that it could not possibly be allowed to remain in its present state. But to what result did all this lead? The Bishops having undertaken, in consequence of the unmistakable opinion thus expressed by the House, to consider the matter carefully, with a view to the adoption of some practical remedy, the Archbishop of York shortly afterwards declared, in his place in Parliament, that the Right Reverend Bench had been unable as yet to come to any agreement; and that so divided were they in opinion upon the subject, that for the present he could hold out no hope, even for the next session, of any satisfactory measure being presented to the House as the result of their deliberations. And so the matter rests, at least for the present, without any apparent prospect of active measures being taken in the matter. And the consequence is, that we are threatened once more with a repetition of the old enervating and paralyzing process—a mere passive impression, without any practical result attending it, the ultimate effect of which, as our great



philosophical prelate would tell us, is likely to be an increased apathy in the public mind generally upon the subject, and an increased difficulty of dealing with it practically whenever the time for doing so may hereafter arrive. Such, we repeat, is the prospect now more immediately before us in reference to this matter. There is, however, it is clear, another alternative besides this. It may be that the Bishops, urged on by pressure from without, may be induced to suggest some remedy which, without at all meeting the real wants of the case, might allay for a time the almost universal dissatisfaction which now exists on account of the present state of the Service, and of the law which enforces its uniform observance. They might, for example, provide merely for the case of notorious evil-doers, by authorizing the omission of certain words at the sole discretion of the minister; or they might make other concessions, based exclusively upon grounds of mere ecclesiastical discipline. As this last is, perhaps, just now the more probable alternative of the two, we are anxious, without further delay, to invite attention to it, as to what may well be deemed, under present circumstances, a point of considerable danger; and we do so the more readily, inasmuch as the transactions of the period which in our late articles we have had under our consideration, are well calculated to afford a salutary warning in reference to this particular point.

The Burial Service did not, in 1662, escape the notice of the Presbyterian ministers when making out their list of exceptions to the Liturgy. On the contrary, they felt strongly, as we do now, the inconsistency—to use no stronger term—of using at the grave of those who have lived and died in the commission of wilful and notorious sin, words expressive of Christian hope and exultation. Of the passage—"We give thee hearty thanks that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother," &c., they say:—

"These words may harden the wicked, and are inconsistent with the largest Christian charity."

Again—of the introductory sentences at the grave—"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of his great mercy," &c. . . . . "We therefore commit his body to the ground in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," they remark:—

"These words cannot in truth be said of persons living and dying in open and notorious sin."

And so, likewise, to the concluding prayer, "That when we depart this life, we may rest in Him, as our hope is," &c., they take exception, as well they may, on similar grounds. And surely these remonstrances were reasonable and right. We, at least, in the present day, feel them to be so, now that the matter is open to free and full discussion, and the wholesome influence of public opinion has been brought to bear upon the subject in all its varied aspects. What, then, did the Bishops do? Nothing whatever; that is, they did nothing by which the scruples of their Presbyterian brethren might be relieved. Upon the false plea of "charity," so called, they refused to make any alteration in the passages excepted to. Still, however, the Presbyterians persisted in their objections; and so forcible are the words with which their rejoinder concludes, that we cannot forbear to quote them as they stand recorded on the Documentary Annals of this period.

"It seems," say they, "by you, that you will form your Liturgy so as to say that every man is saved that you are not sure is damned, though he show you no repentance; and so the Church shall say that all things are that are but possible, if they conceit that charity requireth it. But if the living by this be kept from conversion and flattered into hell, will they there call it charity that brought them thither? O, lamentable charity, that smoothes men's way to hell, and keepeth them ignorant of their danger, till they are past remedy! Millions are now suffering from such sort of charity! Lay this to the forementioned propositions, and the world will see that, indeed, we differ in greater things than ceremonies and forms of prayer."

Still, the Bishops did nothing—nothing, that is, to modify the objectionable passages, or to afford relief to oppressed consciences—oppressed, it cannot surely be said upon this occasion, by any unreasonable or narrow-minded scruples. The passages here excepted to by the Puritans are precisely those which are felt at the present day, by High Churchman and Low Churchman alike, to be justly open to exception—to be indeed an almost intolerable grievance; and yet not the slightest effort appears to have been made by the party now in power to provide a suitable remedy. But, although nothing was done, or even attempted to be done, in the direction desired by the Puritans, the Bishops took care not to let so favourable an opportunity slip of inflicting a blow upon their opponents, and of strengthening their own position. They made no change, indeed, in the body of the Service; but they prefixed to it an important rubric. Let us see how this was done.

The Puritan leaders, in recommending a revision of the "Order for the Burial of the Dead," appear to have clearly perceived in

what it was that the chief difficulty of such a work consisted—namely, in the reluctance felt by the people generally to part with those cheering words of hope, which then, as now, were believed by many—unconsciously, perhaps, but still sincerely—to possess a mysterious influence upon the final destiny of the deceased. Mindful, therefore, of the times, then but recently passed away, when prayers for the dead had actually formed part of the Service of Burial, they desired, once for all, to place the entire office upon its true and legitimate footing as a Service, not for the dead, but for the living. Accordingly, they prefaced their remarks upon the excepted portions of the Service with a request that a rubric might be prefixed to it declaring positively that "the prayers and exhortations here used are not for the benefit of the dead, but only for the instruction and comfort of the living." To this most reasonable request, however, no concession was made by the Bishops. Drawn up under the predominating influence of men like Bishops Cosin and Wren—whose sentiments, both on the subject of the Real Presence and prayers for the dead, were, as Dr. Cardwell has told us, notorious—the new Liturgy was certainly not likely to embody alterations in any degree favourable to the views of the Puritans upon this particular point. But, although no concession was made, or, it may be presumed, even thought of, in this direction, it must not be supposed that nothing was done. Notwithstanding the sentiments openly avowed by the Bishops in the "Answers" they had but just before made to the Presbyterian "Exceptions," that "it is better to be charitable and hope the best, even in the most extreme cases," they did upon this occasion prefix a rubric to the Burial Service, which not only excluded certain parties from the benefit of the words above recited, but even from the privilege of Christian burial altogether:—"For those who die unbaptized, or excommunicate, or have laid violent hands upon themselves," the service is never henceforth to be used. Now, we say nothing of the unseemliness of associating in such a case as this, the unbaptized infant—unbaptized, through no fault of its own—with the two other classes of persons named in this rubric, and of the amount of superstition as to infant baptism to which it has led. We simply desire to point out how completely it has failed in effecting the purposes for which it professed to be intended. The man who has laid violent hands on himself still has the most hopeful words of the Burial Service read over him. Society, in commiseration of his family, and to rescue his name from infamy, has invented a peculiar species of verdict to apply to his case, thus rendering the injunctions of the Prayer-book a mere dead-letter. Excommunication and the excommunicate are things of the past—pure fictions,—the nearest approach to which, in actual flesh and blood, are those very impenitent and hardened sinners for whom the law with pains and penalties secures Christian burial. Against these two classes, and even against the adult unbaptized, this rubric is thus impotent. But not so with the helpless and innocent unbaptized infant. On him its whole force falls, and though the Church refuses to pronounce dogmatically as to his doom, still she cannot escape the charge of leaving a most unhappy impression on the minds of anxious parents. From the failure of this rubric, then, let it be hoped that our Bishops will take a lesson. Whatever be the proposals they bring forward in fulfilment of the promise made in Parliament, let there be no evasion of the real question, no hair-splittings on points of discipline, or the introduction of a rubric to be followed by no happier results than that of 1662; but let them grapple with the actual difficulties of the case, and, under the guidance of sound sense, and influenced by a broad Christian charity, effect a *bond fide* revision of our beautiful, and all but absolutely perfect, Burial Service.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

[It must be understood that we do not adopt all the opinions of our correspondents.]

#### THE DEBATE ON CLERICAL SUBSCRIPTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Give your judgment, said a certain high legal authority, but not your reasons. Your judgment may be right, your reasons very possibly wrong. Bishop Thirlwall would have done well to bear this advice in mind in supporting Lord Ebury's proposal to remove the subscription clause from the Act of Uniformity. The bishop "considered the matter, viewed in its true light, as an object so minute, microscopic, and infinitesimally small, as not deserving to become the object of legislative interference;" and yet for that very reason he was prepared to legislate upon it, and to vote, as he did, for its removal.

Now, other persons, on the contrary, are so far from regarding the matter in the above light, that to them it appears an object of very considerable magnitude, importance, and solemnity; involving, in short, nothing less than this—Is it right, or necessary, that, before



accepting any benefice, a clergyman shall be bound to affirm in the House of God and the hearing of the congregation that he unfeignedly accepts every syllable of a book containing as many independent propositions as are to be found in the statutes at large? It is no answer to say that in times past these propositions have been accepted over and over again by thousands of intelligent men, and are at this moment accepted by some of the most learned and pious of the present generation. The reply, *per contra*, is, have they not, in some of their details, been rejected for ages by many thousands of intelligent men; and are they not at this moment rejected, as necessary to salvation, by many of the learned and excellent of the present generation? Be these parties individually right or wrong, the simple fact is indisputable; and it may well be asked, is it reasonable, under such circumstances, to exact that unbounded assent, which the clause in the Act does, of young men of twenty-four years of age, or not much upwards? Is this so microscopic, insignificant, and infinitesimally small a matter as the Bishop of St. David's represents it?

The time, indeed, may come, in the course of a prolonged life, when the subscriber shall cordially, and without any kind of mental reservation, be able to adopt every one of these propositions; but it is simply impossible for any man honestly to do so at the age of which I have been speaking; and yet nothing less than this is required under the Act of 1662.

It were as reasonable to look for the experience of a Bethell from the beardless barrister holding his maiden brief at the York assizes, or the judgment of the President of the College of Physicians from the student walking his first round in the wards of Bartholomew's Hospital. The Bishop is therefore under a manifest delusion in talking of "the exaggerated and undue importance attached to the declaration in question," the importance being just that which subsists between a reality and a sham; between truth, in short, and fiction.

However, as his lordship so far agrees with his right rev. brother of London, as to admit that "the clause is utterly useless," and that "it had in certain cases proved a hindrance to young men who might otherwise have entered into the ministry of the Church, however trifling he might consider the importance of such instances," the public will be content to accept his vote, without troubling themselves further with his reasons; so I proceed to the next speaker on this question—Lord Lyttelton.

His lordship in the Upper House, much like Lord Stanley in the Lower, is in a false position. Liberal by all the antecedents of his life, he seems afraid to give rein to his tongue lest he should utter words at variance with the sentiments of a party with which he is unnaturally connected. Hence the embarrassment under which he labours whenever he opens his mouth on the subject of the Revision movement. His speech of the 19th. of May last is no exception to this rule.

He would not have opposed Lord Ebury had the latter proposed to submit the whole question to the consideration of a Royal Commission; but he is averse to this "bit by bit" legislation—and he does not see that much, if anything, would be gained by the suggested abrogation. The members of the Church had cause to be alarmed at the unbounded liberty of opinion exercised by the clergy of this day; and knowing, or suspecting, that many of the clergy conform to the Church while holding opinions quite different from her teaching, he thought it would be unwise to make the alteration proposed.

For my own part, I am disposed to draw a precisely opposite conclusion from the above premises. If a net proves no longer effective to keep the birds off our cherries, we commonly remove it. If our umbrella is so full of holes that it lets in the rain, the usual course is to furl it, and spare ourselves the mockery of fancying it any protection. If "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything" lets pass so many loose fish as the noble lord affirms, it seems very like a farce to retain it any longer on the statute book.

Lord Lyttelton thinks differently. The circumstances of the day he considers unfavourable to change; and, therefore, on the well-worn plea of "this present time," he was prepared to vote against the motion, and did so accordingly.

The Bishop of Oxford followed on the same side. Had the present been his Lordship's first appearance on this stage, I should have been tempted to make some remarks on his peculiar style of harangue. But seeing that Bishop Wilberforce and the Prayer-book is a sort of *Ecce iterum Crispinus*, or *crambo repetita*, with the public, I may spare myself that trouble.

It is noticed by D'Aubigné, in his "History of the Reformation," that the momentary effect of Alexander's speech against Luther at the Diet of Worms was very great, but that "a few days sufficed to wear off the first impressions, as will always be the case when an orator shrouds the emptiness of his arguments in high sounding phrases."

It is just so with Bishop Wilberforce. A calm perusal of his arguments at the distance of three months reduces the sum of them to this,—that if he had to legislate for the first time upon the question, he would certainly not have proposed the insertion of such a clause; but being there, he would by all means retain it. He thinks "all subscriptions in themselves a great misfortune;" and yet would perpetuate the most objectionable form in which the misfortune was ever couched by the wit or folly of man. In the Rev. Mr. Pycroft's last work there is a note imputing the following observation to this Bishop, "I am speaking the sentiments of many of my brethren when I say, that our consciences are troubled by the stringency of the declarations that we have made. We wish to be honest men, and not to be required to say that we believe things that we disbelieve." This remark of Bishop Wilberforce is said to have been made in June, 1860. It is surprising that his lordship should so soon have forgotten himself; but *humanum est oblivisci*.

Another clergyman writes, that this same prelate "ordered him some few years ago to pull down a stone altar in his church, as being then contrary to the law, and yet has since consecrated at least five churches containing a similar appendage." Such is the natural fruit of signing and subscribing in a non-natural sense. Such is the crop that springs from sowing such "dragons' teeth."

It is to save the "Church of the future" from this miserable contradiction and inconsistency, that Lord Ebury and his followers advocate the simplifying of subscription; and, as a main step towards it, more particularly urge the immediate obliteration of this most stringent and offensive clause of the Act of 1662.

October 28, 1863.

INGOLDSBY.

#### THE CHURCH DOCTRINE OF THE SABBATH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I am astonished at "C. L. M. J.'s" cool assumption as to the Sabbath! Dr. Lushington's decision as to the Rev. D. I. Heath, of 2nd November, 1861 (which was affirmed by the Court of Appeal on 6th June, 1862), limits Church orthodoxy to the Articles and Prayer-book, illustrated by the Homilies and Canons (see pp. 10, 19, 20). I refer "C. L. M. J." to Bishop Mant's work, "The Christian Sabbath: its Institution and Obligation" (J. H. Parker, and Rivingtons, 1830). The Bishop defends the doctrine as one of "the principles of our national Church," to which as a minister he is pledged (p. 69). At pp. 64—68, the Bishop argues that by our baptismal vow we are pledged to the Sabbath observance; and that in the Communion-office we ask for God's mercy for the breach of it, and for grace to keep it. And he quotes a long passage from the "Holiness of the Place and Time of Prayer," Part I., which distinctly teaches that, "if we will be the children of our heavenly Father, we must be careful to keep the Christian Sabbath, which is the Sunday, not only for that it is God's express command, but also to declare ourselves to be loving children in following the example of our gracious Lord and Father" (pp. 302, 303 of Oxford edition). Hooker, also, in Book V., ch. 70, sections 8 and 9, and ch. 71, sections 8 and 9, maintains the rest of the Sabbath upon one day in seven to be a Divine ordinance. And the Church Catechism teaches us that we learn from it to serve God "truly all the days of our life," i.e., on the Sabbath, as He has required.

Nor do the interpretations of Genesis i., which modern geological researches have caused to be put upon it, contravene this view. For Dr. D. McCausland, in his popular "Sermons in Stones," ch. iii., says that as God wrought during six periods, and rested on the seventh, so this is given "by way of illustration or example," that our "distribution" of time should be similar to that of our Creator" (p. 128).

Of course our Saviour's explanation of the spirit in which the weekly day of rest is kept, explains the manner of its observance. See Matt. xii. 1—13; Luke vi. 1—5, &c.; and T. Scott's commentary on them.

If the Sabbath be reduced to the level of a mere Church festival, the fate of Ascension-day may warn us what to expect in a few years! I will just add, that we may see the inconsistency of some who talk of those who maintain the Sabbath as "Judaizers," while they themselves use the term "altar," which our Church discards, and uphold a sacrificing priesthood!

I am, Sir, yours truly,

C. H. D.

October 26th, 1863.

#### CLERGY INSTITUTE FOR MUTUAL AID.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Amongst the many topics relating to matters of exciting interest to the Church of England, which appeared in your last issue, you have given a paragraph to the above object, for which, on behalf of many clergymen whose cases have become known to me, I return you grateful thanks.

You state the fact, not referred to in the Manchester Congress, "that when the work is done, and the worker is incapacitated, there is no fund to which he can look, as an officer in the army or soldier can, for a pension to support him in his failing years."

This is too true, and sad is the condition of many a hard worker. "Stranded, as you remark, in old age," neglected, and left to perish, whilst I cannot encroach upon your space, or trust my own feelings to relate cases of the most painful nature, I may be allowed to remark that in the discussion upon Church matters—agitation with respect to her doctrines and formularies—it is not just that an evil, a scandal so glaring as that of aged ministers driven to find shelter in refuges and workhouses, should be left out of consideration. If, after an expensive education, the devotion of youth and manhood to the spiritual and temporal good of the people—patient and constant, with a scant existence, and braving life's troubles, unpromoted, they come at last to a state of incapacity, are they to be deserted? Are they to behold in almost every other class of society retreats for the aged, and pensions for the incapacitated, and mourn over the want of some central provision after a life of toil, wandering from curacy to curacy, removable through many circumstances, and perhaps labouring abroad?

Is it not time, Mr. Editor, that our Church discussions should take the subject prominently into consideration, and apply a remedy? It may be that it is more desirable to address the head than the heart, to set the mind curiously at work about things, many of which are non-essential, and not shock the feelings by giving prominence to a question which they are too reluctant to look at boldly and honestly. Perhaps I ought not to trespass by making remarks which are apt to lead to much length in noticing the article in the LONDON REVIEW, but confine myself to state simply what is the nature of the "Institute," and this I will now briefly do. It is to establish a principle of making provident provision for the casualties of life—by means of self-help and collateral aid; to establish a central permanent fund, the annual interest being available for its necessitous members; thus securing aid in time of need and the comfortable feeling of looking forward to it without being driven to a painful appeal to charity. The machinery has been at work during the past twelve months, having been established under the Friendly Society's Act. Members are enrolled, and their subscrip-



tions invested intact. The value and necessity of the object is proved by an extensive correspondence with clergymen. The labours of the Committee are now directed to the means of investing some portion of the proposed fund to establish an annual income to meet the claims of members. This, it is believed, may be easily done, reckoning only 20s. per annum for each of the 12,000 parishes in England, by payment on the part of one individual, or of many. The assistance and co-operation of the laity will materially help the Committee to do this, and the object commends itself to their special consideration.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

CHARLES WOODWARD, Secretary.

19, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

### RACHEL RAY.\*

MR. TROLLOPE is one of the few novelists who make us forget the labour of criticism in our enjoyment of their books. He throws off his novels with the ease of a man writing to some friend the latest gossip of his circle; and seems as much amused with the foibles and humours of his characters as if he were laughing at persons he had seen and heard, and not at the creatures of his imagination. This characteristic of his writing he has nowhere displayed more strikingly than in the novel before us. It is almost a laugh from beginning to end, marked here and there with touches of pathos effectively thrown in; and though at times verging on caricature, only violating the truth of nature to the extent of a slight exaggeration. Without plot and almost without incident, we are carried through the book by the writer's exuberant spirits, and his way of turning to us the quizzical side of his characters; but still more by the power with which he realizes the manners, the habits, and speech of English life in their homeliest garb. They are real beings who play their part in his story. We have met them, have spoken and lived with them. We have sat with them in their houses, have walked with them over the fields, watched with them the setting sun by the churchyard stile, and shared their loves and jealousies, their weaknesses, and their virtues. We have seen before this cottage interior, with its half-dozen books with gilt leaves arranged in shapes on the small round table, where also is deposited the "spangled mat of wondrous brightness, made of short white sticks of glass strung together," with its shells and china figures on the chimney-piece, the bird-cage without a bird, the old sofa, the old arm-chair and carpet, and the old round mirror over the fire-place. We have some experience of Mrs. Tappitt's manoeuvres to convert a tea-party into a ball, and win her lord and master by beautifully fine degrees to consent to one expense after another, till the accumulation involves, as an absolute necessity, a still further outlay for which he is to be consoled by one of her best beef-steak puddings. And who, that has not been buried all his life in unredeemed bricks and mortar, has not met Mrs. Sturt, the farmer's wife, who likes a young man who does the thing that's honest, and is willing to lend her friendly aid to bring two young people together again who have been separated by the stupid interference of soured or silly meddlers? With such traits does "Rachel Ray" abound; and if it is not to be ranked, though we doubt this, with Mr. Trollope's best works, he has written nothing which will give his readers more thorough delight.

The design of his tale is to show how excessively mischievous over-good people may make themselves; and that there is a practical malignity even about religion itself when it is pushed to an unnatural extreme. With this view Mr. Trollope begins by placing before us a lady, very good and very weak, whom he describes as one of those women "who cannot grow alone as standard trees," but "for whom the support and warmth of some wall, some paling, some post, is absolutely necessary; who in their growth will bend and incline themselves towards some such prop for their life, creeping with their tendrils along the ground till they reach it, when the circumstances of life have brought no such prop within their natural and immediate reach." While he lived, Mrs. Ray leaned upon her husband; but on his death, leaving her with two daughters, the eldest of whom, Dorothea, took after her father, and was stern, sober, and steady, the widow "immediately married herself" to this girl, who became thenceforth the prop against which she could grow. But in time Dorothea married and became widow Prime at the end of a year; returning at the end of that time to her mother's cottage, "black and stiff and stern," to be her mother's prop once more. Mr. Trollope describes this woman's character with great gusto. Prim and tidy by nature, "it seemed that her peculiar ideas of duty required her to militate against her nature and education at any rate in appearance." Therefore she was "rough with weeds." Her caps were "lumpy, heavy, full of woe, and clean only as decency might require—not nicely clean with feminine care." Her dress, too, was "rough and black and clinging,—disagreeable to the eye in its shape, as will always be the dress of any woman which is worn day after day through all hours." Though naturally well-looking, "her desire had been to be ugly, forbidding, unattractive, almost repulsive; so that, in very truth, she might be known to be a widow indeed." She was still no hypocrite, but "she had taught herself to believe that cheerfulness was a sin, and that the more she became morose, the

nearer would she be to the fruition of those hopes of future happiness on which her heart was set." Against this lady as against a wall, whose support was "strong but not at all times pleasant," leaned Mrs. Ray, to her own satisfaction, but not quite to that of her younger daughter Rachel, who was neither weak nor stern, but willing to take such pleasure as life offered her, disliked Mrs. Prime's Dorcas meetings, and displayed "a little wickedness now and then, to the extent perhaps of a vain walk into Baslehurst on a summer evening, a little obstinacy in refusing to explain whither she had been and whom she had seen, a yawn in church, or a word of complaint as to the length of the second Sunday sermon." The reader soon finds that in one of her walks Rachel has seen "a young man." This fact explodes like a bomb-shell in the cottage at Bragg's End; and Mrs. Ray holding the lupine theory with regard to youths of the opposite sex, we see that, what with her timidity on this score, and Mrs. Prime's uncompromising enmity to happiness of any kind, Rachel's relations with the "young man from the brewery" will be as little pleasant as it is possible for the two widows to make them. But Luke Rowan, the wolf in question, is a youth of strong decision of character. He has made up his mind to love Rachel and that Rachel shall love him, which the girl is willing enough to do. The day after Mrs. Tappitt's ball, Luke finds his way to Bragg's End, and startles Mrs. Ray's confidence in her theory by the frankness with which he confesses his love, and asks permission to visit Rachel, but, above all, by the way in which he takes his tea, "quite like a steady young man." Indeed, she says, defending herself against Mrs. Prime's remonstrances, "he drank three large cups; and if, as Rachel says, he always goes to church regularly, I don't know why we are to judge him and say that he's anything out of the way." The bickerings between Mrs. Ray and her eldest daughter on this subject are described with the nicest discrimination of character and with an under-current of great humour. What is a higher testimony to Mr. Trollope's power is the skill with which he develops Rachel's character in the conflict between the widows, and the touches of purely natural and beautiful emotion by which he wins us to love her. The dialogue between Rachel and Mrs. Ray, after Mrs. Prime has left them, in which the girl tries to draw from her mother what Luke has said about her while she ran over to the farmer's to fetch cream for the tea, is one of the most charming of the many exquisite passages in these volumes;—Mrs. Ray, "so inconsequent in her mental workings, so shandy-pated, that it did not occur to her that an entirely new view of Luke Rowan's purposes had been exposed to Rachel during this visit of Mrs. Prime's," and not realizing the fact that she had authorized Rachel to regard Luke as her lover; while Rachel remembers every word, and begins to think that, with her mother's leave, an intimacy with Luke would be very pleasant.

"But what was it that he did say, mamma?—that is, if you don't think it wrong to tell me."

"I hardly know; but I don't suppose it can be wrong, for no young man could have spoken nicer; and it made me happy to hear him—so it did, for the moment."

"Oh, mamma, do tell me!" and Rachel kneeled down before her.

"Well;—he said you were the nicest girl he had ever seen."

"Did he, mamma?" And the girl clung closer to her mother as she heard the pleasant words.

"But I oughtn't to tell you such nonsense as that; and then he said that he wanted to come out here and see you, and—and—and—; it is simply this, that he meant to ask you to be his sweetheart, if I would let him."

"And what did you say, mamma?"

"I couldn't say anything, because you came back."

"But you told Dolly [Mrs. Prime] that you would be glad to see him whenever he might choose to come here."

"Did I?"

"Yes; you said he was welcome to come whenever he pleased, and that you believed him to be a very good young man."

"And so I do. Why should he be anything else?"

"I don't say that he's anything else; but, mamma—"

"Well, my dear?"

"What shall I say to him if he does ask me that question? He has called me by my name two or three times, and spoken to me as though he wanted me to like him. If he does say anything to me like that, what shall I answer?"

"If you think you don't like him well enough, you must tell him so, of course."

"Yes, of course I must." Then Rachel was silent for a minute or two. She had not as yet received the full answer which she desired. In such an alternative as that which her mother had suggested, we may say that she would have known how to frame her answer to the young man without any advice from her mother. But there was another alternative as to which she thought it well that she should have her mother's judgment and opinion. "But, mamma, I think I do like him," said Rachel, burying her face."

Beside the fresh young love of this comely girl and Luke Rowan, Mr. Trollope gives us, by way of contrast, a courting scene between Mrs. Prime and Mr. Prong, Mrs. Prime's favourite minister. It is impossible to give a fair idea of this grotesque episode, except by extracting it bodily. It is half caricature, half satire. The mixture, on Mr. Prong's part, of morbid piety, spiritual love, and a design on Mrs. Prime's income; the circumspection with which the widow receives her pastor's offer of marriage, and the way in which Prong's eloquence dries up before the lady's rigidity, when he comes to the question of settlements, are in the highest degree humorous; nor could anything be better than Mrs. Prime's subsequent reflections on the prospect thus opened to her of a spiritual marriage, and her anxiety touching the rights, "and also the

\* Rachel Ray. A Novel in Two Volumes. By Anthony Trollope. Chapman & Hall.



wrong," of a married woman with regard to money. The Tappitt family again call out Mr. Trollope's powers of female portraiture, which, in the different shading of the three sisters, is employed with happy effect, slight sketches though they are. The interview between Mrs. Tappitt, Mrs. Rowan, and Mrs. Ray, when the two former ladies visit the widow to represent to her the impropriety of a marriage between Luke and Rachel, is again a proof of the ability with which the author holds his characters in hand, and brings out their several idiosyncracies. But perhaps the best thing in the novel is the pertinacity with which Luke Rowan determines either to drive old Tappitt out of the brewery, or compel him to brew good beer. Though it was "a sour and muddy stream that flowed from his vats, a beverage disagreeable to the palate, and very cold and uncomfortable to the stomach," Tappitt made fifteen hundred a year out of it, and to be told by a youngster that he did not know how to brew good beer was an indignity he could not put up with. But the choleric old brewer is no match for Luke, cool, and resolute at all hazards to brew good beer for Baslehurst, even if he is obliged to build a new brewery. He threatens to do this, and goes so far as to purchase the requisite ground. Then Mrs. Tappitt, seeing ruin staring her and her daughters in the face, urges her husband to take the thousand per annum which Luke has offered him in exchange for his interest in the old firm; till after much resistance and many resolutions to fight the battle out, Tappitt comes home from the Dragon one night much the worse from eating "that accursed fish;" and the next day, sick in stomach and racked with headache, lies utterly at his wife's mercy and consents to take Luke's offer. The scene in which this occurs is a capital domestic interior, in Mr. Trollope's best style.

If we are to find fault with this delightful story, we might object that the artifice by which the stream of Rachel's love is disturbed is improbable. That her mother would have been advised to make her write the letter which for a time clouds her joy, and makes it doubtful whether the lover who broke in on her almost solitary and very humble life with such a sun-burst of undreamt of happiness—advised too by the clergyman who had given such a sensible judgment on the question whether it would be sinful if she went to Mrs. Tappitt's ball—is not, we think, likely. That, loving Luke as she did, she would write it, is less probable, for Rachel has a will of her own. But that Luke—honest, straightforward, manly lover as he is—should be put off by it, should not feel the love that throbs under its air of prudence, and attribute the love to Rachel and the prudence to her stupid counsellors, is less likely still. But as this letter gives us two volumes, when but for it we could only have had one, we shall not quarrel with it. And, after all, nothing is so flexible as human nature; and to say that it will do this or will not do that under given circumstances, is to forget how often it acts in contradiction to itself; and again, how often acts that seem to be contradiction on the surface, are logical enough if we could minutely weigh the feelings from which they spring.

#### JOHN FOSTER ON DUTY AND TIME.\*

In Mr. Bohn's new volume is reprinted, with other writings of John Foster's, a famous "Essay on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." The author, certainly, himself did much, as a man of letters rather than a pulpit preacher, to remove that prejudice of which he complained. There were at the same time, in the ministry of the Baptist denomination, two men whose example should be enough to prove that the highest literary powers and accomplishments may be associated with zeal for the Evangelical notions of Christianity. John Foster the moral essayist, and Robert Hall the orator, have contributed to the stock of general English literature some performances which in their kind are unsurpassed. We are glad to see that the popularity of Foster's ethical discussions is still so well sustained. How it comes to pass that three publishers at once are now competing with each other to produce them, we have perhaps no occasion to inquire. It was well known that Mr. Bohn, the editor of "Fosteriana," a volume of selections from Foster's works, had been left in possession of the "Essay on the Improvement of Time," which, so many years after the death of the author, has lately seen the light. It is understood that Mr. Bohn's volume, containing the essays "On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself," "On Decision of Character," "On the Epithet Romantic," and "On the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion," will soon be followed by two or three other volumes of Bohn's Standard Library, to contain the essays "On Popular Ignorance," "On Christian Missions," "On the Improvement of Time," and the "Introduction to Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." In the meantime, we have the posthumous "Essay on the Improvement of Time," along with the Notes of Sermons (which were first printed a short time ago in a religious magazine at Calcutta) and a few of Foster's private letters; published by Messrs. Jackson & Walford, as well as by the editors of "The Bunyan Library," apart from the remainder of Foster's collected works. We should

prefer, by a comparison of several of his productions, to estimate his literary character from the leading ideas by which they are inspired. It is, however, incumbent upon us to examine more particularly the "Essay on the Improvement of Time," which has just now been given to the world. In general, we may remark that John Foster's writings are singularly free from the technical phraseology and professional mannerism to which "the vulgar of religious authorship," as he calls it, is lamentably prone. His style is that of the best English prose of fifty years ago,—half-way between Johnson and Macaulay,—pure in its diction, compact in its structure, elegantly measured, harmonious, clear, and full. It reminds us occasionally of some of the less impassioned and rhetorical of the compositions of Burke. There is not a trace of the Conventicle or platform twang. The Dissenting pulpit, from which, by weakness of voice, John Foster was, at an early age, forced to retire, left not the slightest *chapelesque* impression on his literary habits. Whatever, indeed, may have been his matured theological convictions within the tolerably wide limits allowed by the Congregational Church polity, few earnestly religious men, of any creed, have possessed a more unsectarian spirit. He was ever disposed to hold aloof from the machinery of proselytism, and though decidedly hostile to the existence of a State Church, this course was prompted rather by his views of the essential freedom and spirituality of Christian ordinances than by exclusive attachment to any doctrinal system. The conceptions, however, which he seems to have deduced from an orthodox interpretation of the Gospel, form the groundwork of his ethical speculations. These chiefly relate to the moral condition of humanity, and the auxiliary processes of its restoration, by efforts of self-culture, though not independent of Divine assistance. Upon this common ground, without respect to theological differences, we find the Unitarian William Ellery Channing, along with the Evangelical Foster, and a host of other didactic writers, invoking the sanctions of religion, and teaching thereby a nobler and purer morality than secularist philosophers have ever conceived.

We may indeed esteem the essays of Foster, taken as a whole, among the very best for solidity of instruction and for persuasive force that have yet been composed of this kind. If we must often admit that his standard of duty is pitched so high as to be unattainable by mortal weakness, this is but the same humiliating confession which every man, the more he lives in this world, is the more frequently obliged to utter on behalf of mankind. John Foster, indeed, though he mixed not much in active life, was far from being a mere meditative recluse. The Stoic severity of his precepts was scarcely, we believe, exemplified by that blameless and amiable career of learned leisure and of social conversation which his interesting biography, by Mr. Ryland, describes to us. We have never known a man whose conscience, if rigidly examined, would not reproach him for the sin of wasting time. We are consoled to find, in the private letters, John Foster repeatedly accusing himself of "indolence and irresolution," apologising for his delay in correspondence, and for laziness in performing his literary engagements. We must, indeed, take leave to demur to the fundamental propositions of his "Essay on the Improvement of Time," which, as he forbore to publish it during his life, was perhaps reserved, in its present fragmentary state, for more deliberate consideration. There is, we submit, an inherent fallacy in this method of arguing upon the economy of time, as though time, in the abstract, were a precious commodity of which a certain quantity, from birth to death, has been measured out to every living man. Time has an occasional value, more or less, according to circumstances, as an element of opportunity for the accomplishment of a desirable work. It has also, in the opinion of all who hope for immortality, a value of course inestimable, being, as Carlyle expresses it, "all thou hast to face eternity with;" and even to those who unhappily can see no prospect beyond the tomb, it is "the stuff which life is made of," and its unprofitable expenditure is a subject of the bitterest regret. But it is one thing to speak of the occasional value of specific portions of time for application to a temporal object, and quite another to speak of the momentous issues of that indefinite period which remains to each man of his allotted earthly existence. In several passages of Foster's essays, he seems to confound these essentially different considerations, and to deduce from them a rather violent conclusion. He instances the situation of a person who is required, at a few hours' notice, to start upon a long journey, or to finish some important task, or to prepare his defence upon a trial, or to do anything else which calls for the most strenuous and unremitting labour; condensing into an hour of such employment a greater amount of anxiety and effort than was called forth by the aggregate hours of many preceding days:—

"These illustrations will instantly be allowed to prove the inestimable worth of the particular portions of time that happen to co-exist with some extraordinary occasions; but I have introduced them to show the value of Time in general. I consider such emergencies as a kind of tests which have happened to be applied at some one point of the continuous whole of a man's time, and proving the general quality while operating on a small single part. And with certain allowances for the difference of the departments of action in which different men are to be employed, and for the obvious consideration that duties of different orders come in the whole train of duty, I maintain that the value of each portion of our time, after we have attained to an age of anything like mature reason, is substantially the same as of any particular portion which may happen to be spent under circumstances of extreme emergency, and is to be estimated by the same standard. And if this be true, how little are men in general apprised what a precious article they are consuming, and how much less than the just

\* Essays, in a Series of Letters, on the following Subjects:—I. On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself. II. On Decision of Character. III. On the Application of the Epithet Romantic. IV. On some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered less Acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste. By John Foster. Thirtieth Edition. H. J. Bohn.

An Essay on the Improvement of Time; and Other Literary Remains. By John Foster, Author of Essays, &c. Edited by J. E. Ryland, M.A., Editor of "Foster's Life and Correspondence." (The Bunyan Library, Vol. X.) J. Heaton & Son. Another Edition of the same. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.



severity of remorse do any of us feel for having consumed so large a measure of it in vain!"

The answer to this reflection is so obvious, that Foster seeks to anticipate and dispose of it, by an argument which, unless we mistake the purport of his discourse, begs the whole question at issue. Life is *not* a perpetual series of emergencies; our active duties, in the busiest life, are occasional or periodic; and the intervals of time should be mainly devoted to cherishing in ourselves that healthful disposition of mind and body which fits us to do our duty at the appointed moment. The essayist, however, declares that our entire lifetime, throughout its whole extent, is a season of emergency in the strictest sense; "for there is such a measure of duty pressing its claims on the whole length of life, and therefore on every distinct portion of it, as the utmost possible efforts will always do less than discharge."

We suppose that no Christian,—indeed no man who is impressed with a feeling of moral responsibility, whether he believe in Christianity or not,—will deny this last proposition. It is literally true, that every moment of our waking existence, after we emerge from the unconsciousness of infancy, is subject to the claims of duty, whether in solitude or in society, in labour or repose. But what is duty? Not exclusively, or necessarily, any active employment either of our corporal or intellectual powers. These, we conceive, are lent to mankind as the mere instruments of a prudent and charitable industry by which, as we work kindly and wisely together, comforting, entertaining, and instructing each other, our mortal life is to be sustained and consoled, and elevated to the happiest possible condition, while preparing us for a better life to come. The essayist cannot mean—for certainly no view of the Christian religion would admit of such a meaning—that a certain amount of useful business performed upon earth, or the acquirement by painful studies of a certain degree of mental cultivation, is of itself to be esteemed as preparation for eternity. What, then, should be said of the poor and the untaught, the feeble and sickly, or the little children who pass away in their blessed purity of heart; what should be said of those whose broken and obscure existence, if it leaves no trace of outward activity upon the earth, has yet been wrought into that inward frame of humility and meekness which Christianity at least seems to prefer? This, indeed, is a topic unsuitable for discussion in our pages; yet we cannot refrain from observing, upon Foster's exaggerated estimate of the duty of occupying all our time in labours of active usefulness or in study, that he seems to mistake certain exercises of religious improvement for their proper end, which is surely the regulation of the affections, the cultivation of a heavenly temper, and which may, during a considerable portion of our time, be advanced by the soothing influences of repose and amusement. In short, we would take leave to suggest that the true scheme of Christian duty makes provision for a large share of passive goodness; and that, however criminal it may be to neglect a specific opportunity of effort for the benefit of oneself or another, we may innocently rest or enjoy any wholesome recreation when no such emergency is present. The ambition of taking a high degree in saintship, by a strenuous accumulation of good works through this avaricious economy of time, does not appear to us the most attractive or genuine aspect of the Christian character. It savours rather too much of spiritual pride. After all, there is a kind of indolence which does not so much arise from self-indulgence as from an indifference to the selfish motives of ordinary exertion; but this is not the besetting sin of our age, and we shall not be running the risk of doing any great harm if we venture a word in its excuse.

We have felt it right to take exception, on this point, to the main argument of John Foster's posthumous essay, because we fear that his ascetic teaching upon that subject—which, be it remembered, he had not fully developed by the completion and revision of his Treatise—may prejudice some readers against him. Indeed, we lately saw in a weekly contemporary some criticisms of him, based upon this imperfect essay alone, which are far from doing justice to the general value of his writings. And for this reason we would ask those who are unacquainted with him to begin with the "Essay on Decision of Character," as being, in our judgment, one of the soundest and completest discussions of a theme of moral philosophy in our language. Its reasoning, moreover, is founded entirely upon ordinary human experience, and upon examples from history, without any express reference to theological ideas. We must congratulate Mr. Bohn on having resolved to present us with the collected works of an English classic who deserves, take him for all in all, to be studied and admired by his posterity.

#### MAPPING THE WEATHER.\*

Now that meteorology is becoming fashionable, or at least popular, one hears on all sides the hackneyed cry of its being a science "quite in its infancy." We enter our protest against this assertion. True it is that the last fifteen years have been marked by rapid progress in the knowledge of the laws of atmospheric motion, greatly improved instruments, and better instructed observers; but this is growth and development, not birth. Trustworthy observations two centuries old, and the splendid volumes of the Meteorological Society, at least evince a precocious and

amusingly prolonged infancy. The early observers were patiently and perseveringly laying the foundations, and, as in other cases, their primitive labours being hidden have become forgotten, and the honour is all paid to those who build thereon. Although this is the ordinary course of events, it is anything but fair to find fault with the super-solidity of the foundations, as more than one recent writer has done by complaining of the publication of meteorological tables as cumbrous and oppressive. Mr. Galton's work we rejoice to see is free from anything of this kind; in fact, there is scarcely a redundant word, and very few sentences to which we can take any exception at all. As an illustration of the concise language employed, we will allow him to define his own new word meteorography:—

"I mean by that phrase, 1st, the art of tabulating observations which have been made simultaneously at numerous stations, each record being inscribed in the geographical position of the place where it was made; and 2ndly, the subsequent step of delineating the general results of the observations in a pictorial form."

Most zealously has he striven to gain these useful ends, and though we cannot say that he has been perfectly successful, he has shown us how very difficult is the task he has chosen, and has cleared the path for either himself or others to press on and reach the goal of a perfect meteorographic map.

We believe that no meteorologist will deny but that the time has arrived when a more extended and perspicuous method of exhibiting meteorological results than that afforded by ordinary printing is earnestly demanded by those who would cultivate the science to its fullest extent. It has been long felt by practical meteorologists that of all things it would be most desirable to exhibit clearly and distinctly, but at the same time fully, *on the same sheet* and according to the geographical position of the places of observation, every particular of the weather existing at the same spot at the period of making each observation; so that the eye might take in at a glance not only the bare individual facts, but also their bearing one upon another. Nor is this all; such a system gives us the opportunity of tracing the progress of storms in a more convenient and connected manner than is possible when the data are merely printed in columns of figures, on an amalgamation of letter-press and maps.

Descending to details we may explain that the work consists principally of charts, of several varieties, and many hundred in number, pictorially representing the meteorology of four-fifths of Europe during December, 1861. Mr. Galton packs his information as tightly as a traveller his knapsack, for within the space of one-third the size of a threepenny piece he gives the following information. We select Ofen, in Austria, on Christmas afternoon, 1861, as an example. Barometer at sea-level, 30.40 inches; dry bulb thermometer, 27°; wet bulb, 24°; wind W., but almost calm; weather, clear blue sky. Certainly this is science in a nutshell. Each of ninety-three maps, about 5 inches square, contains similar details to the above from about 80 stations, and could contain nearly 300. This marvellous compactness is not gained by smallness of type, but, like most good effects, by tact in arrangement of materials, and the selection of unmistakable symbols. These symbols are analogous to those employed in the maps of the "Royal Charter Gale," published by the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade, and are only improvements in two cases, those for "snow," and "clear blue sky."

Mr. Galton in these maps has, with an immense amount of labour and skill, shown us how convenient graphical delineations may be made to supply what every one must have felt to be a necessity before the large mass of observations lying at the various public institutions and societies, both English and foreign, can really be made practically valuable.

Having acknowledged the necessity of such a system, and given Mr. Galton the credit of having by so much laborious skill put it before the scientific world in so complete a manner as he has in the volume under notice, we will examine briefly the leading features of his method. It would hardly be just to pronounce a final opinion upon a work of this kind until it has undergone the test of experience. Practical observers, or at least the practical reducer of such data, can alone judge fairly of the merits of Mr. Galton's method. To the casual examiner, after a little attention, the system might seem all that is to be desired; but since the work of reducing such vast numbers of observations, connecting them in a series of maps, and finally reading the whole as in a book, is so laborious, it behoves us to think a good deal about the matter before adopting a system that might be distasteful from its complexity to a large number of otherwise useful helpers.

That there is considerable difficulty in determining upon a plan that shall exhibit five elements—wind, cloud, thermometer, barometer, and rain—on the same area on a map as that on which they were observed, there can be no doubt. This is a difficulty which is by no means lessened by the necessity that there exists for clearness in the delineation. The difficulties to be encountered in translating figures into lines and curves, without producing seeming anomalies, especially in reducing wind-observations, are too well known to those who are acquainted with the handling of meteorological data to need pointing out. Indeed, it is only the scientific meteorologist who will comprehend the great labour of getting up such a work as that before us.

On the 93 charts which form the bulk of the volume, the amount of cloud and direction of the wind is represented pictorially, whilst

\* Meteorographica; or, Methods of Mapping the Weather. By Francis Galton, F.R.S. Macmillan & Co.



the other elements are printed in figures, in a very compact form, upon the borders of the coloured squares, indicating the state of the sky, for which object type has been cut expressly. Such, briefly, is the plan Mr. Galton has adopted for recording simultaneous observations at numerous stations, and inscribing them in the geographical positions which the places occupy. This is not the first attempt of the kind, although it is fuller than has hitherto been attempted, and most undoubtedly superior, both as regards the completeness of the information and the clearness with which it has been exhibited, to anything of the kind we have ever seen. The series of 14 maps which follow we need not explain, since they are essentially similar to those just noticed, excepting that they exhibit somewhat more in detail certain features of change in the weather not contained in the others. We now come to the second division of the work, which is perhaps also the most important, as it certainly is new. It consists of a lithographed map, in red and black, of the barometer, thermometer, rain, and wind, corresponding to each of the 93 maps before explained. On this chart no figure appears; every element as well as every variation of that element is shown by graphical delineation, by the aid of lithography. After a little education, the eye can follow with much ease every variation, and this consecutively from one day to another, without removing the eye from the page before it, although, at first sight, the thing appears somewhat intricate.

As we have remarked above, time must determine whether or no meteorologists generally will adopt Mr. Galton's system in its integrity; that they must do so in spirit there can be little doubt, at least those who would truly earn the title of scientific students of weather phenomena. However that may be, the author of these pages has conferred a very great benefit upon meteorology, and one that will be more acknowledged as every year advances our acquaintance with the weather. In the volume before us he has rather shown what might be done in this direction than intending it as a finished result.

Following the lithographed map, we have very interesting wind charts, of which a full explanation is given in the letter-press.

The mode in which the general direction of the wind is shown is very effective; moreover, Mr. Galton is, from his thorough knowledge of meteoric processes, quite aware how liable theorists are who have preconceived ideas to fall into error in laying down charts of the direction from a limited number of observations. This Mr. Galton has escaped by very careful and laborious work. These remarks will refer to all the three wind-charts at the end of the book, as well as to the smaller examples found amongst the letter-press. The whole volume does not contain much more than fifty pages, yet many a more pretentious book of four times its bulk will often not have cost a tenth part of the labour, patience, and skill—we do not speak of expense—expended by its author on "Meteorographica."

The two series of abstract charts require particular notice: the one series that we may render the utmost praise for compact expressiveness of barometric pressure, &c., and the other series some amount of censure for their unmitigated ugliness. We do not deny that they do exhibit the distribution of pressure, temperature and wind effectually, but they make the eyes ache by their intensity of black, red, and white. Mr. Galton appears to entertain a favourable opinion of them—possibly he wears snow glasses; but for our part we would suggest that the red be changed to blue, or the blue outline to red, which would reduce the intensity of their glare. Only practical men can estimate the labour, time, and money this experiment (for such it is) has cost; and as there are few indeed who could or would undertake such a task, meteorologists ought to thank Mr. Galton for having done so much, and given such an elaborate series of meteorographic maps as they have never had before.

#### DR. KENEALY'S POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.\*

SOME of our readers may perhaps remember the publication last year of Dr. Kenealy's "New Pantomime." The poem was, indeed, not new—we ourselves possessed a copy of it, under the name of "Goethe; a Pantomime," nearly ten years ago,—but it was pretty generally received as a novelty, and as such became a little notorious. A hostile critic was so severe upon the book and its author that Dr. Kenealy applied, if we remember rightly, for leave to file a criminal information against the reviewer. Dr. Kenealy was sufficiently well advised not to proceed in the matter, but we find him returning to his wrongs in the volume before us. Three of our contemporaries are unfortunate enough to be denounced as "wolves in human shape," their articles are "fetid venom," and their ultimate fate is to be bagged by the Father of Lies. Such terrible language naturally makes a brother critic a little nervous. Of course, our contemporaries "departed from all fair criticism;" possibly they did, but it would be well to have "fair criticism" defined. Dr. Kenealy may have heard of the painter in *Punch*, who asked his friend to look at his picture: "I particularly wish your candid opinion; Jones, who was here this morning, found fault with the drawing, objected to the perspective, and thought the colouring of the foliage wrong; indeed, he was so impertinent that I was obliged to kick him down stairs; but now tell me exactly what you think." Is criticism of drawing and colouring impertinent and unfair? 'Tis a question on which

painters and critics will probably never agree; and perhaps it is as hopeless to expect Dr. Kenealy and his reviewers to be at one.

We wonder whether it is fair to make a remark on a motto which Dr. Kenealy has chosen for his title-page. We live in a tolerant age, but English taste can scarcely approve of a querulous author who puts on the front of his book, "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not," even though the sentence be written in Greek; nor again, when he heads his preface with the verse, "It is like a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind." Such allusions will appear to many men gratuitously offensive. We acquit Dr. Kenealy of any wanton desire to inflict pain; the quotations are rather owing to a defective delicacy, of which there were many proofs in the "New Pantomime" and some others in this volume. Take, for instance, the "Lines on Sir Cresswell Cresswell;" they are wretched doggerel, as the opening will show:—

"With brain as clear as crystal, and with manner  
As cold and chilling, Cresswell seemed to stand  
In isolation from his fellow men,  
As if he scorned the herd, disdaining kinship  
With those who moved around him;"

but as they proceed they tell a story, which may or may not be true, but which certainly ought not to have been told at all.

When we proceed from Dr. Kenealy's title-page to the body of his book, we find him venturing on flights in which we humbly confess our inability to follow him. The volume opens with a sonnet in English, followed by one version in Latin, another in German, three in Hindoostanee, one in Irish, and on a later page one in Persian. Irish, Persian, and Hindoostanee, we own, are beyond us. Making three versions into Hindoostanee of the same sonnet may seem a difficult task, but if their fidelity to the original is no greater than that of the Latin version, Dr. Kenealy might have made three hundred, having only a faint family likeness with one another. We are bound, however, to add that, excessively loose as the Latin version is, the German translation is remarkably close. But Dr. Kenealy is not only a translator into other languages, he translates from them. Here he does not favour us with the original poems, so that we cannot judge of the fidelity of his versions except in those cases where the originals are known to us. In any case, indeed, we should have had to take on trust many of his translations, and to judge them only as poems. Possibly one ought to know something of Swedish, Danish, Spanish, and Portuguese; but Magyar, Irish, Guipuzcoan, Breton, Arabic, Bengali, and Persian, are surely not necessary parts of a liberal education. From all these tongues, besides Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German, does Dr. Kenealy gather the translations, which occupy about a third of his volume. Sixteen languages besides the mother tongue again convince us of our ignorance. We are alarmed at the task we have undertaken. Where indeed is the man who can fitly review the Polyglottic Doctor? Dr. Kenealy's case is hard; few or none can fully appreciate the greatness of his powers.

And yet, ignorant as we are, we venture to assert that these translations form the more valuable portion of our author's volume. The readers of the "New Pantomime" need not be told that Dr. Kenealy has a great fluency of rhyme, a large store of poetic diction, scarce any elegance, and of the original creative power of poetry little or nothing. Good, bad, and indifferent flow carelessly on together—

"Cum fueret lulentus erat quod tollere velles;"

and, indeed, Dr. Kenealy very accurately and thoroughly reproduces the Latin original. Though gifted with a good ear, his metre at times halts through mere negligence, the scheme of a poem is changed during its progress, and the grand design is scamped in the execution. These are faults which the author shares with his brilliant countrymen Maginn and Mahoney, and, as in their case, they seem to have been aggravated by the necessities of periodical publication. For Dr. Kenealy, however, the result is particularly unfortunate. He has not the wit of Maginn—always bordering upon and often passing into wisdom—nor the unctuous fun which gives a permanent value to the drolleries of "Father Prout." The consequence is, that his original poems, with all their cleverness—and they are always clever—are nearly worthless. They will touch no heart, awaken no thought, rarely will they beguile the fancy; they will live, if they live at all, as curious wasteful products of an active but uncertain intellect. Once or twice, indeed, he touches on subjects which might excite a deeper feeling, but the effect is too frequently marred by some fault in the execution. Take, for instance, the following lines, written on the burial of Maginn just twenty years since in the churchyard of Walton-on-Thames. The picture they describe is not unimpressive, and the thought suggested sufficiently appropriate, but the whole is spoiled by the wretched jig-jig and wobble-wobble of the double rhymes:—

"The death-bells were tolling,  
The thunders were rolling,  
The big clouds were clashing,  
The fierce lightning flashing,  
In mirth.  
But yet from the heaven  
The sun was not driven;  
Its beams glittered o'er him,  
As slowly we bore him  
To earth."

\* Poems and Translations. By Edward Vaughan Kenealy, LL.D. London: Reeves & Turner. 1863.



The sunlight so splendid,  
With thunder thus blended,  
The red eyes of lightning,  
The atmosphere bright'ning  
Made those  
Who wept there and trembled,  
But think it resembled  
The giant mind broken  
By sorrow unspoken,

And woes.

For strong as the thunder  
That rends rocks asunder,  
Was he, when God-gifted,  
His bright mind uplifted

Her crest;

And gentle and beaming,  
Like sunshine in seeming  
His spirit was moulded;  
And fondness enfolded

His breast.

The prayers they were muttered,  
The answers half stuttered,  
The parson off started,  
The clerk too departed

To bed;—

But the Spirit of Thunder  
Stood there in his wonder,  
With Lightning his Brother,  
To guard one and t'other,

The Dead."

This little poem is no unfair example of Dr. Kenealy's powers; the thought involved in it is of a somewhat deeper character than those he generally attains, but the imperfections of execution, the prosaic touches here and there, the slips into ludicrous associations, are very characteristic. To what lengths such errors may go may be learnt from the following lines, which form the commencement of some complimentary verses to a lady:—

"The crystal fountains of those eyes  
Wherein Love wadeth;  
Those cheeks, before whose flowering dyes  
The red rose fadeth;" &c. &c.

Fancy a young creature of *esprit* receiving such an effusion! Eyes with love wading in them! cheeks dyed so that the rose fades before them! She might well doubt whether the address was serious or mockery, and it is not improbable that the copy of verses would go into the fire before it was discovered that they were the expression of sincere admiration.

But, as we have said, the translations are the better part of Dr. Kenealy's volume. Here his fluency and cleverness have full play, whilst the necessity of adhering to the original author somewhat prevents those lapses which mar the effect of his own compositions. His success would, however, be much greater, had he been more strict in self-supervision. Unfortunately, bad habits are not easily destroyed, and the carelessness of his other works is matched by a tendency to paraphrase in his translations. The simplicity and directness of the original, at times even the meaning, have vanished in the English version. A good specimen of Dr. Kenealy's merits as a translator is afforded in his version of Luther's Psalm, and as there are at least two other well-known English versions of it, an instructive comparison may be instituted between them. More than thirty years ago Mr. Carlyle published, in *Fraser's Magazine*, a translation of this grand psalm, and recently, in Miss Winkworth's "*Lyra Germanica*," a version by the Rev. William Gaskell has made its appearance. We give the first verses of the original, rough and strong, of which it may be interesting to remember that it was sung by the army of Gustavus Adolphus before the battle of Lutzen, and side by side with it we place the different versions:—

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,  
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen,  
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,  
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.  
Der alte böse Feind,  
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint:  
Gross Macht und viel List  
Sein grausam' Rüstzeug ist,  
Auf Erd'n ist nicht sein Gleichen."

MR. CARLYLE.

"A safe stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon;  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
The ancient Prince of Hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell;  
Strong mail of Craft and Power  
He weareth in this hour,  
On earth is not his fellow."

DR. KENEALY.

"The Lord is our good Tower of Strength,  
Our Shield and Sword of Terror,  
And he will free our souls at length  
From evil, and crime, and error.  
The old accursed Fiend,  
With Might and Knavery screened,  
Hell's armour dark and strong,  
Hath risen to work us wrong;  
On earth he hath no Rival."

MR. GASKELL.

"A sure stronghold our God is he,  
A trusty shield and weapon;  
Our help He'll be and set us free  
From every ill can happen.  
That old malicious foe  
Intends us deadly woe;  
Armed with the strength of Hell  
And deepest craft as well,  
On earth is not his fellow."

Here it is tolerably evident that Mr. Carlyle has best preserved the ruggedness of the original; Dr. Kenealy has introduced in his fourth line, "evil and crime and error," which have no place in the original, and, in fact, are quite opposed to its spirit. Luther was trusting for safety from enemies altogether outside his true self. He was assailed by foes real and external; if he contemplated his own errors, he looked on them as the assaults of an Adversary. Mr. Gaskell's version in many respects resembles Mr. Carlyle's, not only in this verse, but throughout the psalm;

but his third line is much weakened by the jingle of rhyme in it. We give two more verses by Dr. Kenealy, matched, the one by Mr. Carlyle, the other by Mr. Gaskell:—

DR. KENEALY.

"And though the world with Devils  
were thick,  
Watchful and soul-devouring,  
Ne'er shall our hearts grow faint and  
sick,  
O'er all their wiles still towering.  
The Fiend as pleaseth him  
May angry look and grim,  
Our souls he cannot slay,  
His power hath passed away;  
One little word shall smite him."

MR. CARLYLE.

"And were this world all Devils o'er,  
And watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore,  
Not they can o'erpower us.  
And let the Prince of Ill  
Look grim as e'er he will,  
He harms us not a whit;  
For why? His doom is writ,  
A word shall quickly slay him."

MR. GASKELL.

"Still shall they leave that Word His  
might  
And yet no thanks shall merit;  
Still is He with us in the fight,  
By His good gifts and Spirit.  
E'en should they take our life,  
Goods, honour, children, wife—  
Though all of these be gone  
Yet nothing have they won,  
God's kingdom ever abideth."

Here we find the same characteristics recurring; Dr. Kenealy introduces the ideas of "soul-devouring" and "soul-slaying," and in the last verse Luther's simplicity scarcely appears. In this verse Mr. Gaskell is singularly exact and faithful.

A great part of Dr. Kenealy's translations is taken up with versions of Swedish ballads. Whether these are more or less faithful than the rendering of Luther's Psalm we cannot tell, for of the originals we know nothing. Perhaps it is owing to this cause, possibly to a greater affinity between Dr. Kenealy's mind and the ballad spirit, but these Swedish translations appear to us to be well done, and they can certainly be read with pleasure.

## THE MADRAS MILITARY FUND.\*

AMONG the many curious and interesting features exhibited by the history of the rise and progress of British power in India have been the unexampled providence, economy, and prudence of the civil and military officers of the old East India Company. Proverbially extravagant, unreflecting, and careless as soldiers are said to be, spending half-a-crown out of sixpence a day,

"Ever banishing care and sorrow,  
Taking no heed of to-morrow;"

yet as the brave, who alone deserve the fair, the vanquishers of farther Ind, the subduers of Hindostan to English dominions, the founders and upholders of English empire in the remote peninsula, have formed a remarkable exception to this rule, which our brethren north of the Tweed are fond of attributing to the large admixture of the Scotch element in the constitution of John Company's service. And in this respect they presented a no less remarkable contrast to the Queen's soldiers and servants employed in India. An East Indian officer would return, tough as if all weakness had been burnt out of him; yellow, it is true; bloodless and sun-drawn of "all such humours from him;" an angular *charpente* of bones beneath a tanned epidermis; a slender living parcel of dry-baked humanity; with voracious appetite for good living, and a plethoric purse to satisfy it. The Queen's officer or civilian came back much in the same physical condition, but with a painful difference in pecuniary resources. He had a liver quite as enlarged, appetite as all-absorbing, but attenuated purse. The cause of this remarkable difference between men who had grown grey toiling and fighting in the same climate and under the same flag, but under different masters, was that one class called upon the State for support in old age, and the other relied upon themselves—upon saving while in the enjoyment of health and vigour for ample provision against sickness and failing strength. In fact, John Company's servants, out of their ample salaries, bought and kept by them the all-necessary store against the inevitable rainy day, instead of relying, as Queen's men did, upon somebody else. It would lead us too far from the immediate subject to pursue a comparison in this direction; but the reader will readily perceive what an important bearing the results of the experience of the Company's service have upon the question of public pensions and salaries, and the still greater question of wages. It is this: Should men be underpaid for their labour and receive pensions when incapacitated to work longer, which system is calculated to undermine the spirit of independence and self-reliance, or should they be amply paid and left to make what provision they chose for themselves when laid on the shelf, and for their families in case of death? All our East Indian experience proves that when sufficiently remunerated, men will prefer the latter system, and almost invariably make the most ample provision. The report of the Madras Fund, based on "fifty years' experience," is there to prove it. It would be foreign to our purpose, and occupy too much space, to give a history of the establishment of the Fund, which would be all the less necessary, as it must be familiar to the majority of our readers. To the minority the title will be sufficient to explain its purport. Consequently, it will not be requisite to do more than to notice the present condition of the Fund after a lapse of fifty years, from 1808 to 1858.

On the 30th of April, 1858, the net surplus of the Madras Military

\* Report on the Madras Military Fund. Layton, Fleet-street.



Fund was £128,760, and has since been increasing at the average rate of £10,000 per annum. So that it appears probable that it must have amounted in the month of April in the present year to £170,000 less, such losses as may have been caused by the recent amalgamation of the two armies. Assuming such to be the present value of the surplus it remains to ascertain the corresponding present value of any and all the changes contemplated, in order to form an accurate judgment of the extent to which it would be safe to carry them into effect. According to the valuation given in the summary £544,625 is the present value of the pensions payable to 401 widows chargeable on the Fund, which means that that sum, invested at 8 per cent. interest, applied exclusively to payment of claims of the widows upon it. Indeed the last widow's claim would be satisfied considerably before the amount with its accruing interest was exhausted. In like manner the sum of £434,363 (plus £539,793. 8s., value of donations on promotions), which is taken as the representation of the monthly subscriptions of 804 married members, denotes the sum which, invested at 8 per cent., will be sufficient to provide a series of payments equal to all future payments which the Fund will receive from the whole of these 804 members, not being exhausted till it had provided an equivalent for the final payment to be received from the last of the members. The value of monthly subscriptions and of future donations on promotion of 38 widowers with offspring is calculated in similar manner at £30,262, including £6,303. 10s., value of future donations, making a total of £590,055. 18s., from which, however, £112,065. 15s. will have to be deducted for calculated diminution in subscriptions and donations by retirement, leaving £457,990. 3s. The total value of monthly subscriptions and future donations of 2,304 bachelors and widowers, without offspring, on the active list, of married officers' widowers, with and without offspring, and bachelors on the retired list are, £636,710. 19s. Other items, including £19,366, value of the Honourable Court's donation (1858) and balance in favour of the fund, £1,036,303. 3s., brought up the assets of the Fund, so to speak, to the grand total of £1,795,030. 15s. *Per contra*, we have its liabilities:—Value of pensions to 401 existing widows, £544,625; to 249 existing sons, £59,695. 14s.; and to 488 existing daughters, £163,078. 6s. To 804 wives contingent pensions, and to 272 wives retired list, £426,773. 8s. (which is reduced from the estimated amount by £31,887. 14s.) Four per cent. on ditto for second and third widowhood, £17,070. 19s. Value of children, contingent pensions (1,389 sons, £62,230. 17s., and 1,471 daughters, £140,909. 5s.), £203,140. 2s. Value of contingent pensions to future wives and families of present married members and re-marriage of widowers, value of passage-money, equipment, and income allowance, £155,304. 16s. Value of excess of miscellaneous charges over receipts, £19,271. 8s. Making a total of £1,671,269. 17s., and leaving a surplus of £123,760. 18s., on the 30th of April, 1858, as compared with the opposite side of the account.

In presence of the position to which the Institution has attained, and which Col. J. T. Smith, Actuary to the Fund, characterizes as one of stability, since, when on a general average the rates are "amply sufficient," there is no occasion to dread or guard against extreme individual cases. Colonel Smith expresses the opinion that the army would be more inclined to dispose of its surplus accumulation, by the relief of widows and children from exactions, than in any other way that could be proposed to them. Consequently, it is suggested—1st, To reduce the additional 10 per cent. of subscriptions and donations which was laid on in 1844, originally to continue in force for ten years. 2nd, To reduce the donations for daughters from 282 rupees to 200 rupees, in order to remove the great injustice and hardship, which, on Mr. Dane's authority, was supposed to be inflicted by the existing rule. The burden of the heavy payment of 282 rupees frequently falls upon the subscriber when he can very ill afford it—though there are but few who do not make the sacrifice rather than deny their daughters the incalculable benefit of a certain, although small, provision for life. 3rd, To reduce the donations of widowers with offsprings which would not affect the surplus balance shown above. 4th, To abolish the deductions made from widows and children's pensions on account of minimums. An idea of the loss this change will entail upon the future earnings of the Fund, may be formed from the fact that according to the average of the last two years, the number of daughters for whom the donations were paid was 104 per annum. A reduction of 822 rupees each would amount to 8,200 rupees per annum, which, multiplied by the value of the amounts (8'528) during the life of a member at the assumed age (29) of marriage, gives the sum of all the future losses which would be incurred by the proposed reduction that might be considered equivalent to a diminution of the surplus by £8,539. 8s. 4th. The abolition of deductions made from the pensions of widows and children on account of minimum, the importance of which has been exaggerated, and which, regarded as a safeguard, is no longer required. 5th, To grant the privilege to daughters for whom the donation of 282 rupees has been paid, and who have married husbands not subscribers to the fund and become widows, to revert to the pensions to which they were entitled before marriage. If the rule were passed and the privilege granted without the payment of 165 rupees additional to the original donation, the present value of the loss would be £18. 8s.  $\times 104 \times 8,763 =$  £17,133. 4s., provided no daughters married subscribers to the fund, but if the advantages likely to arise from such marriages be reckoned as taking off one-half of the liability, that would be sufficient to allow the donation to stand at its present amount of

282 rupees, and allow the privilege to be claimed in future without any further payment.

The last proposition is an increase on the pensions of widows, so as to restore them, in whole or part, to what they were prior to 1822. The cost of adding 10 per cent. would amount to £98,847. The cost of these various proposed changes would amount in all to £205,373. Comparing this amount with the statement previously given of the resources of the fund, evidently all the suggested improvements could not be carried out; but the first five might be, and still leave a margin of security of upwards of £60,000 sterling.

We certainly hope that the authorities will be induced to adopt and carry out in their integrity the suggestions submitted to them; for, after all, the Madras Military Fund is as noble a monument as could be raised to the providence, forethought, wisdom, and humanity of the late Indian army.

### THE QUARTERLIES.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW opens with an able article on Queensland, the latest addition to our Colonial Empire, based principally upon Dr. Lang's work, entitled "Queensland—a highly Eligible Field for Emigration, and the Future Cotton Field of Great Britain." The natural features of the colony, its history, and present political and social condition are carefully summed up. The writer concludes that "on every account, from its vast extent, from its fertile soil, from its delicious climate, from its extensive sea-board and abundant water-courses, from its judicious institutions, and from the wise and temperate spirit which has hitherto prevailed in its administration, Queensland deserves to be regarded as one of the most interesting and promising of those youthful States with which the maritime and colonial genius of England has studded the globe." "Gregorovius' *Mediæval Rome*," is the second article: a very masterly paper on one of the most interesting subjects a writer can touch, the transition of the Eternal City from its imperial glories to its Mediæval greatness under the Popes. As a preparation for the study of the work on which the article is based, we recommend it to the perusal of our readers; but, taken by itself, it is a model of style and arrangement. The "Cadastral Survey of Great Britain" is a less interesting subject, but highly useful. "Macknight's Life of Lord Bolingbroke" follows; and here, again, we have a paper of great ability. But the article which will be read perhaps with greater zest than any other is that on Mr. Phillimore's "History of England during the Reign of George III." The writer condemns this book as an unredeemed absurdity. "Except two or three little bits of gossip," he says, "which are hardly worthy of a place in history, we have not met with any new facts as we toiled along the strange region of wild views and uncouth sights into which Mr. Phillimore has led us. Perhaps, in collecting a medley of paradoxes, which not only assail the deliberate judgment of all who have used the same evidence, but wanton in indiscriminate abuse of much that the nation loves and reveres, Mr. Phillimore may have thought, with Tacitus, 'that detraction and spite are always listened to;' and may have hoped that these arts at least would make this singular production popular. But we have no doubt that his estimate of his own powers will turn out to be as inaccurate as the judgments he has passed on his country are unsound." Besides the articles we have named, there is a review of the late Mr. Austin's works on Jurisprudence; a paper on the Royal Academy; another on Cinchona Cultivation in India; a third on Captain Meadows Taylor's "Tara;" and a fourth on "The Colonial Episcopate." The whole number is even beyond the *Edinburgh's* usual mark of excellence.

### SHORT NOTICES.

#### MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.\*

WE are rejoiced to see this first part of the People's Edition of Lord Macaulay's history. Whatever may be advanced against the accuracy of some of his statements, or in derogation of the value of his work on the score of party colouring, there is no question as to the vast amount of erudition, the beauty of style, and the extraordinary powers of description, which have been expended in its production. Occupying a position between the dry historic narrative and the historical romance, we see in it the merits of both; and while we read it as a brilliant composition, we feel also that in the main, whatever slight deductions for inaccuracy we may have occasionally to make, it unites truth and graphic description in a higher degree than any other history of the same period. Our duty, however, at present is not to criticise this famous work, but to tell our readers who have not read it or who have not possessed themselves of it, that Messrs. Longman have commenced the issue of a cheap edition in type not smaller than that in which this notice appears; and that the work will be completed in fourteen shilling parts. Thus the whole history may be purchased at about a fourteenth of the original cost. This edition, to which is prefixed Dean Milman's Memoir of Lord Macaulay, will be an immense gain to the student and general reader. It is cheap, and beautifully printed on good paper.

#### THE POCKET DATE-BOOK.†

It is a daily spreading conviction that chronological accuracy is indispensable to the profitable study of history. To some extent a

\* The History of England, from the Accession of James II. By the Right Hon. Lord Macaulay. People's Edition. Part I. Longmans.

† The Pocket Date-book; or, Classified Tables of Dates of the Principal Facts, Historical, Biographical, and Scientific, from the Beginning of the World to the Present Time. By William L. R. Cates. Chapman & Hall.



manual of dates is in itself a history, giving the student at a glance the order of events, so that he can readily know or ascertain the relation of the period of which he is reading to the general story of the world. Such a volume is of incalculable importance to those, for instance, who are reading up for an appointment under Government; and for their purpose it is essential that it should be as little encumbered with what to them may not be requisite information as possible. We strongly recommend candidates for competitive examination to purchase Mr. Cates's "Pocket Date-Book." For their purpose and for that of the general reader it is incomparably the best we have seen. Within a small compass it contains an immense amount of information based on the most reliable authorities, and admirably arranged for facility of reference.

#### CHART OF ENGLISH HISTORY.\*

THE chart before us is a successful attempt to give a material representation of history, by a more adequate method than those "Streams of Time" and "Trees of Chronology" which, as they have shown more ingenuity than simplicity, have failed to obtain a position in our schools. Nothing can be simpler than its plan. In the middle of the page are three parallel columns, the centre indicating time, the left-hand column the duration of each reign, and the right periods of peace and war. The periods in each column are distinguished by colours the more readily to impress the eye—durations of peace being appropriately left white. On either side are printed the reigns and some of the principal events of each, and the names of battles, revolts, invasions, &c. The whole outline of English history, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar down to the present year, is thus placed as in a map before the reader, who we are sure will find this chart a valuable aid in acquiring a clear knowledge of its subject.

#### MAP OF NORTH AMERICA.†

THIS map, which will cover an ordinary dining-table, is made to fold up into a quarto volume, and so can take its place in the library wherever there is an objection to having large maps hung against the wall. It is thus easy of reference, and as the paper is laid upon strong linen there is no fear of its being damaged by frequent unfolding. The map is a fine specimen of the best style of this department of art; and as America promises, we fear, to be yet for a long time a subject of dismal interest, our readers who wish to trace the operations of Federals and Confederates will do well to purchase it. One thought strikes us, while we look over this vast region, and that is the inordinate vanity and ignorance which can hope or believe it possible to embrace the interests and passions which must throb over such an area under a single government. But this is a question from which reason and common sense have long been banished. We must take the madness of the hour as it comes to us; and as an aid to form a clear idea of it and watch its evolutions this map is valuable. In every respect it is worthy of Mr. Stanford's reputation.

#### CULTURE AND SELF-CULTURE.‡

A SMALL book with a great deal of sound matter in it for reflecting readers, bent on making the most of their talents and disposition, and doing their work in life to the utmost reach of their ability. Mr. Neil has chosen for the motto of his work an apothegm from Cardinal Wiseman's late lecture on the same subject at Southampton: "Self-culture is the essence of all education;" and he has interspersed his essay with rules which, trite as they may seem, are none the less golden. Take, for instance, those which prescribe to the student a clear and well-defined purpose; the acquisition of habits of persevering industry and studious attentiveness; a thorough and accurate comprehension of technical terms; the mastery of first steps before attempting those which follow; rigid devotion to hours of study and determination not to let them be broken in upon; perseverance in study: everybody, perhaps knows these rules, but everybody does not follow them, and without them there is no advancing in culture. The author has done well to insist upon them. We give them, however, only as samples of the common-sense to be found in his book, which abounds in instruction equally valuable. The student will find Mr. Neil's work a valuable manual of self-culture.

#### THE WORKING CLASSES OF LEEDS.§

WHEN Dr. Hook took his farewell of Leeds he left behind him £50 to the Leeds Mechanics' Institute, £10 of which he desired should be given as a prize for the best Essay on some subject connected with the social advancement of the working classes. The essay before us, "On the Present State of Education in Leeds, and the Best Means of Improving It," was the successful one; and the only thing to be regretted about it is that the prize was so small. Mr. Hole has gone into his subject laboriously and in an intelligent spirit, and though his essay treats only of Leeds, much of it will be valuable also to those who in other towns interest themselves in the cause of education.

#### ESSAYS ON UNIVERSAL SCIENCE.||

WHERE is the controversy between Science and Revealed Religion to end? The author of these essays comes forward with a promise

\* The Student's Chart of English History. Constructed on a system applicable to History in general. By J. W. Morris and the Rev. W. Fleming, LL.B. Groombridge & Sons.

† Stanford's Map of North America. Stanford, Charing-cross.

‡ Culture and Self-Culture: a Guide to the Improvement of the Mind and Life. By Samuel Neil. Houlston & Wright.

§ The Working Classes of Leeds. By James Hole. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

|| A Series of Seven Essays on Universal Science. By Thomas Clark Westfield, F.S.A. Hardwicke.

to prove "not only the truth, but the scientific exactness of the Scriptures." But the theories on which he explains certain proposed difficulties are more startling than the difficulties themselves. He goes in boldly for a pre-Adamite race, far more glorious than that which succeeded it; and, from certain passages in Scripture which he quotes, concludes that the angels were this race. This view has originality to recommend it. But, instead of offering a solution of difficulties, it seems to us to enlarge the field for discussion. In his introduction, too, Mr. Westfield takes up a most extraordinary position. "We have never yet," he says, in answer to a passage from "Essays and Reviews," "seen the necessity of regarding the Divine Being otherwise than as existing in the visible form of man, whatever modern spiritualism may endeavour to prove to the contrary; Scripture abounds with passages in support of this from beginning to end." We fear that Mr. Westfield will not be recognized as a champion of orthodoxy.

#### WRITING, READING, AND SPEAKING.\*

ANY gentleman studying for the bar, and not blessed by nature with powers of speech, or by education with the knowledge how to write and read, may, if he has the courage to wade through this excessively prosy volume, pick up some useful hints. But he must not take Mr. Cox for an oracle, nor even for a very high authority. A writer who defines correct reading to be the art of "saying for [the author] what he designed to say" (page 62), and so transmitting to the mind of the listener the ideas which the author desired to impart, is not to be trusted for a definition. Mr. Cox probably understands what he means; but, as he elsewhere points out to his readers, this is not enough; the meaning must also be expressed. Again we would caution the student against putting faith in those passages in which, by the aid of italics, small capitals, large capitals, small dashes and large dashes, Mr. Cox instructs him where to put the emphasis in the right place and measure his pauses correctly; otherwise he will find that he has sinned both by commission and omission, and has emphasized those words which ought not to be emphasized, and left unemphasized those words which ought to be emphasized. In the thirteen lines quoted from "Macbeth," at page 129, we reckon nine cases of either false, misplaced, or unnecessary emphasis. The system of dashes which he substitutes for the ordinary punctuation is simply absurd; and the gradation of emphasis by italics, small capitals, and large capitals, will, we fear, rather puzzle a student than help him. But if Mr. Cox would write a little more carefully and condense his volume to about a sixth of its present size, his book would be useful; for he has a very fair notion of the outline of his subject.

#### MARGARET'S SECRET.†

IT is no objection to Mrs. Brock's very pretty tale that it presents a picture of life seldom realised. Its very object is to show how much better and happier people would be if they made religion more a matter of week-day observance than of Sunday profession, and it is quite legitimate, with such an end in view, to show how the precepts of religion may be worked out in the commonest affairs in life, and, indeed, must be worked out in them, if at all. When Margaret, by a few gentle words and her own good example, converts her step-mother, who had never in all her life before returned a soft answer to anyone, into an amiable and religious woman, we fear that such conversions are rare, while we admit that the means employed, if anything, will produce them. Then the philosophy of the tale is sound, though the incident in question may be improbable; and in a story of this kind the writer necessarily deals with men and women as they ought to be rather than as they are. We fear, however, we must admit that a graver objection than improbability may be advanced against Mrs. Brock's tale. When, at its close, we leave Margaret a happy wife and mother, and see that she owes these blessings to her religious conduct, we doubt whether this is true Christian philosophy. That "a happy home, health, comfort, and darling children" may be the reward of piety, and we hope often are, we admit. But this comfortable view of a religious life is not always true; perhaps is only exceptionally true; and persons who may receive their first impressions of religion from tales of this kind may be apt to be discouraged when they find that religion has other rewards than a happy and comfortable home. So much in the way of criticism. Turning to the critic's more agreeable task of commendation, we are glad to be able to say that Mrs. Brock's story is a valuable addition to the library of Christian fiction.

#### SCHOOL AND HOME.‡

THIS is one of the best boys' books we have ever read. The idea of writing it, the author tells us in his preface, originated in the deep conviction impressed upon his mind "of the special suitability of the matter and manner of the lessons taught by the Book of Proverbs to the daily life of gentlemen's sons at the present time in our public schools." But while this is the object, and while the tone as well as the aim of the book is religious, the narrative is full of school-boy life of the most stirring and interesting kind. Parents may thus put it into their boys' hands without the least dread of its being condemned as "slow;" and no boy who takes it up will readily lay it down again. We have read it with the greatest pleasure, and are glad to welcome an author who so happily combines a moral purpose with a most interesting story.

\* The Arts of Writing, Reading, and Speaking; in Letters to a Law Student. By Edward W. Cox. Crockford.

† Margaret's Secret and its Success. A Tale. By Mrs. Carey Brock. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

‡ School and Home; or, Leaves from a Boy's Journal. A Tale for Schoolboys. By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "Plain Reading for Ploughboys," &c. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.



## THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.\*

THE author of this neat little book has written it principally for the use of pedestrians, and with that view has described many mountains and mountain walks not noticed in previous guides. In addition to a map of the whole lake district, he has provided the tourist with maps of the Windermere and Coniston, the Ambleside and Ulleswater, the Wastwater and the Keswick sections. These maps are some of the best we have seen. There are also some simple directions for "beginners" who may not wish to pass a night on the mountains—to which the author has no objection—or walk over a precipice in a mist, with the honour of reappearing in the columns of the *Times*. The book is certainly the best guide we have seen.

## ROBINSON CRUSOE.†

EVER welcome Crusoe! Here he is rigged out in a new dress by Mr. Beeton, his adventures plentifully illustrated, some of the illustrations more thoughtful than any we have seen of the same subject, and the coloured ones with a fine tropical glow about them. If we say that Mr. Beeton has put forth a very handsome volume, with plenty of pictures and good ones, and that the paper and printing do him the highest credit, what can we say more of a new edition of this old, old favourite? So much, however, we can and do say cordially and honestly.

## PSALMS AND HYMNS.‡

THIS work does not need introduction to the public. It has long been a standard book, and the pains bestowed upon its production, the new tunes expressly written for it, and the old ones, which admit of no improvement, have fully merited for it all the approbation it has received.

## FINE ARTS.

## MUSIC.

THE five special performances at Her Majesty's Theatre commenced on Saturday last with Gounod's "Faust," but Mr. Sims Reeves, who was to have appeared, was absent from illness, and his place was supplied at the shortest notice by Signor Volpini. On Monday, however, the English tenor fulfilled his engagement and made his first essay as the hero in the French opera version of Goethe's poem. The calm, abstract, and reverie-like tone of Gounod's music is so different from that declamatory style in which Mr. Sims Reeves chiefly excels, that some doubts might fairly have been felt as to his success in this new effort. All such doubts, however, were agreeably dispelled by Mr. Reeves's very careful and artistic performance, in which much thoughtful study and mature preparation were evident. His duet with Mephistopheles in the first act was given with much dramatic force and earnest intention; while in the scene where Faust first meets Marguerite, as also in the garden scene, especially in the air, "Salve dimora," Mr. Reeves sang with subdued pathos and intense feeling. In fact, throughout the opera Mr. Reeves was thoroughly efficient, and his performance was deservedly recognised as a success. The Marguerite of Mdlle. Titiens is too well known to require a repetition of former eulogies,—it is, indeed, a performance of high dramatic and musical excellence, and proves her to possess the rare power of versatility. As in previous representations of the opera, Mdlle. Trebelli was the Siebel and Mr. Santley the Valentine; both, of course, as before, excellent. Instead of Signor Gassier, Signor Bossi was the Mephistopheles—if not all that could be wished, still far from an inefficient substitute. This gentleman, however, has been replaced in the part by Signor Marchesi. The band, under Signor Arditi, was as brilliant and effective as ever; the chorus perhaps scarcely so efficient. The chorus of old men in the Kermesse scene and the march and chorus in the fourth act won the usual encores; and the opera throughout met with as enthusiastic a reception as that which greeted its first production here. Most refreshing, indeed, was the re-hearing of this thoughtful and artistic work, and most discouraging the contrast which it offers to our home productions. "Faust" has its deficiencies and shortcomings, as we pointed out on its first appearance here; still, it is unquestionably the matured product of a refined and elegant mind, an earnest thinker, and an accomplished artist,—and while, instead of such works, our English musicians give us crude, hasty, and clumsy manufacture, no amount of patriotism can persuade us into any belief in a native school of musical composition. If it be true, as rumoured, that "Faust" is to be given in English at Her Majesty's Theatre in January next, it will offer a severe test for contemporary home productions.

Mr. Sims Reeves, having settled his differences with the Sacred Harmonic Society, is announced to sing at the forthcoming concerts of that institution, as well as in the oratorios to be given by the National Choral Society, whose season begins on the 25th of November with "Judas Maccabeus."

At a concert given by the students of the Royal Academy of

Music, at the rooms of the Institution, on Wednesday, several pupils distinguished themselves by their satisfactory performances. Among the vocalists, Miss Fanny Armytage deserves especial mention, as a young singer of much promise, with a powerful soprano voice, considerable execution, and a good idea of style. There was also some excellent pianoforte playing—Miss Agnes Zimmerman (King's Scholar), in a quintett of her own composition, proving herself a finished artist rather than a student. The playing of this young lady, indeed, may fairly compare with that of many better known performers. Miss Josephine Williams also displayed considerable talent in the execution of Mendelssohn's pianoforte variations in E flat.

Next week promises to be a busy one in the musical world—including the resumption of the Monday Popular Concerts; Mr. Macfarren's "Opera di Camera," "Jessy Lea," an organ performance by Dr. Wesley; at the Islington Agricultural Hall, Mr. Henry Leslie's Mendelssohn Commemoration; a trial of new orchestral works by the Musical Society; the first performance in London of Mr. Benedict's cantata, "Richard Cœur de Lion;" and Jullien's Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre.

## SCIENCE.

## THE GREAT FRENCH BALLOON.

BALLOONING began in France. It was a fire of French straw that first raised a human being into the upper regions of our air; it was a bag of French silk that was first inflated with hydrogen, although our own Green improved on this latter principle by the employment of coal-gas. But Englishmen have, so far, done most with the balloon, whether as a pleasure-toy or as a scientific instrument. Still the balloon is of French birth, and we cannot wonder if Frenchmen feel jealous of our accomplishments and try to outrival us. Such rivalry is right, and will be meritorious so long as it is productive of fair emulation.

M. Nadar's "Géant," which now occupies public attention, has, he says, "only been made as a means of gaining sufficient money by its exhibition and voyages to enable him to carry out his confidently-expressed ideas with respect to his new system of aërostation." On the trial trip of Mr. Coxwell's Mammoth balloon, he and Mr. Glashier ascended five miles, and the observations of the meteorologist were so numerous and valuable that the maiden ascent was a decided success. Not so, however, with "Le Géant." M. Nadar promised his passengers a trip to St. Petersburg or Peking, and the provisions laid in store, including legs of mutton, sufficiently attest the earnestness of his resolve. But all these good things were used principally as ballast, the journey being a short one, and having extended only to the marshes at Barcy, two leagues from Meaux. Of the late perilous landing in Hanover it would perhaps be uncharitable to speak in terms of disparagement. It was a decided failure in every respect: the anchors failed—the car failed—the valve failed, and it was a mercy the whole party were not killed. But let us now look, then, at the bright and meritorious side of the picture. M. Nadar achieved a long and extraordinary journey of about 400 miles in length. Had Mr. Green, in his Nassau balloon, not surpassed this trip, it would have been the longest performed in Europe. But for geographical distance the veteran Green's voyage to Weilburg, on November 7th, 1836, carries off the palm, and the fact of the Channel having been crossed enhances the merit of that remarkable journey. One of Mr. Coxwell's long trips surpasses both these for speed, though not for distance. On the 16th of June, 1857, Mr. Coxwell, with two companions, ascended from Woolwich at 11:30 p.m., with a small balloon, which, compared with either of the above mentioned, may be called the "Tom Thumb." He descended at Tavistock, in Devonshire, at 4:30 a.m., having travelled 250 miles in five hours; and had he not been going direct for the Land's End and the Atlantic, a voyage of 400 miles might have been made in eight hours.

The relative dimensions of Green's Nassau balloon, Coxwell's Mammoth, and Nadar's Giant, may be interesting just at the present time. When the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens built the large Nassau balloon, which ultimately became the property of Mr. Green, it was said to contain 70,000 cubic feet of gas. The diameter of this balloon was a little over 50 feet. The contents of a globe of this size is 65,450 cubic feet; but allowing 10,000 feet for neck and zone capacity, we shall probably exceed its real dimensions. Mr. Coxwell's Mammoth balloon is 55 feet in diameter; its form is somewhat elliptical. A globe of 55 feet in diameter has a surface of 9,503 square feet, and a capacity of 87,114 cubic feet. Allowing then for a graceful pear-shaped lower part, and the contents of the Mammoth would appear to exceed 90,000 feet. Mr. Nadar's "Giant" balloon is about 74 feet in diameter—that is, if it contains as much as 215,000 cubic feet. If the engravings we have seen be correct, its form is very nearly globular; for by swerving a pair of compasses from the centre very little neck is left. If, then, for this neck-portion we add one foot to the general diameter, we find that a globe of 75 feet across has a surface of 17,671 square feet, and a capacity of 220,804 cubic feet. We thus perceive that the capacities of balloons increase faster than their surfaces; for if you double the diameter of a balloon you require four times as much material, but you get eight times as much lifting power. Now, taking the recorded results of Nadar's balloon, it

\* A Guide to the English Lake District. By a Cambridge Man. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

† The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. With a Memoir of the Author. Illustrated. S. O. Beeton.

‡ Psalms and Hymns. Adapted to the Services of the Church of England; with accompanying Tunes, selected and revised by John Foster. Rivingtons.



does not seem that he, with all the resources of the French company by which he is backed, has done so much more than our own unassisted Coxwell. The only practical use of a big balloon is that, by being able to carry an immense amount of ballast, it might be able to undertake long journeys, for we know already that smaller balloons can go higher than men can endure the effects of. A constant regulation of the elevation of the balloon is however needed when any great distance has to be traversed, and these regulations involve equally constant losses of gas and ballast. As these cannot be re-supplied on the journey, it necessarily follows the larger the supply a balloon possesses the longer will it retain the capacity of flight. But what does the comparison of the "Géant" and the Mammoth show us? The former is 215,000 cubic feet in content and the latter 90,000; the lifting power therefore of the former ought to be more than double that of the latter, and yet what do we find? The "Géant," in the presence of the Emperor, when we may suppose its utmost power put forth, will lift but thirty soldiers, while Coxwell's balloon has lifted twenty-eight men, with some ballast in as well. Thus the "Géant"—which, being double the size, ought to lift double the number—falls short, by twenty-six men, in the very quality which constitutes the only advantage a big balloon can possess. We cannot help thinking therefore that the French balloon is in itself as great a failure as the first and second voyages both have been. If we look at the disadvantages of big balloons they seem stupendous. Big ships are bad enough to manage in storms, big balloons will, we think, be found to be worse. Going up and sailing along is all easy enough, but with a balloon the danger and difficulty are in coming down. First, the rope and grapnel that, clutching to any ordinary object, would hold a moderate-sized balloon, will require very extraordinary objects to hold by in the case of Nadar's balloon, and walls, banks, hedges, trees, that would hold the Mammoth, would give way and be torn up by the Géant, which thus would go drifting and driving over miles of country before any object sufficiently strong or voluminous would be encountered. Again, when once the balloon is moored or touches the ground, the gas should be let out in one gush were it possible, so that the lifting power of the balloon might be entirely and instantly got rid of, and the balloon fall passively-dead, as it were, on the spot; for it is the lifting power of the balloon that brings those unenviable bumps upon the inmates of the car, while it is its distension by the gas within it that exposes its extensive surface to the gusts of the wind, and the larger the surface of the balloon the more violent the effects of the wind upon it. Now, 215,000 cubic feet of gas cannot be let out by the same sized hole as quickly as 50,000 could be, and consequently if an ordinary balloon of that capacity have a valve of 18 inches, the Géant ought to have one of nearly 7 feet. Coxwell's Mammoth has a valve of 3 feet 4 inches, about the largest size that can be practically made; for use wood, iron, or whatever material you will, which may be rigid enough a yard in length, you will have greatly to increase the strength and stoutness to insure the like rigidity in a bar of 7 feet. Moreover, when you open a big valve you must lose an enormous quantity of gas, and although you might say theoretically you can open the valve only a quarter of an inch, you would find practically that a valve of 7 feet would not work to such a nicety. Taking all things into consideration, it may be fairly said that the danger of descents in big balloons is altogether disproportionate to the ordinary risk to ordinary balloons.

The screw propeller which M. Nadar puts so much faith in is by no means a new idea as applied to aërostation. So far back as twenty years since this application to the balloon was demonstrated at the Polytechnic Institution by Green and Taylor. By the use of watch-spring machinery and a little manœuvring with a trail-cord, acting as a fulcrum, a small balloon in a room may be made to go in any direction. Expose the practical balloon, however, to the influence of a moderate breeze, and the effect would be very different. There can be no doubt that if a well-devised screw were placed at the required angle, it would operate powerfully, provided the motive power was in proportion to the dimensions of the screw, and the screw also proportionate to the dimensions of the balloon.

Herein consists the practical difficulty; strong springs and steam power are objectionable, the former because they would constantly require winding up, and the latter on account of fire and the tremendous weight involved to exert a power equal to that of one or two horses. Then, again, a balloon or aërostat is not adapted to be forced against the wind, owing to the flexible nature of the material; indeed, the strength of the fragile aërostatic machine is often enough sufficiently strained by a fresh breeze; and what would be the result of its being forced against the current? Thirdly, the lower safety-valve must be always open, to admit of expansion, unless a medium altitude can always be secured, which is rather more than doubtful. If, then, this safety aperture be necessarily open, the balloon if forced against the wind would collapse. Nadar's compensating balloon would not remedy this, because, by receiving the expanded gas and displacing fresh atmospheric air, the tendency would be still to rise.

But if M. Nadar, which we doubt, has really overcome these difficulties, which have as yet proved insuperable to persons of more skill and experience,—if he convince scientific men and the world at large by a practical exhibition, he will deserve that universal credit and honour, and will justly become a celebrated man. We fear, from what we have as yet learned of his preliminary efforts,

that the fame which will accrue to him and his balloon will be of an opposite character.

When about two years ago the British Association required a balloon of sufficient capacity to take the most eminent meteorologist of this age to very high elevations, Mr. Coxwell built his own balloon entirely at his own cost, and out of his unaided resources—and such balloons are costly. A smaller balloon would have well sufficed for gala-ascents, had Mr. Coxwell had no higher motive than personal profit, whilst his reputation was liable to damage by any accident to the valuable philosopher committed to his care. He had thus much to venture, and perhaps little beyond fame to gain, whilst that very fame would be sure, sooner or later, to bring forth foreign rivalry, which it would not be unreasonable to suppose might even trench upon his pecuniary gains, if the biggest crowd were found to follow the biggest balloon. It is not, however, for the biggest balloons or for the highest ascents that we would make a claim. Nadar or Blondin may break their necks or their bones, if they please to run the chance of so doing, or they may take voyages to Pekin, or dance over the Falls of Niagara, to the end of their legitimate days, and die in the cars of "géants," or go to their long rests on high ropes. We advocate no great balloon company, nor any kind of speculative aërostation. M. Nadar, or any one else, may build big balloons if they like, or can, to "raise the wind" for putting their screw on afterwards; but while Mr. Glaisher has justly been allowed the privilege of appending to his name the three capital letters of a Fellow of the Royal Society—the proudest reward of a British philosopher,—the skilful aëronaut who has taken him safely through his perilous journeys remains undecorated with even an alphabetical sign. British savans might, we think, more than emulate the liberality of Frenchmen, by presenting to the intrepid Coxwell,—not as a charity, which he does not need, but as a testimonial he could not but highly value and make the best use of,—a new and fitting balloon for his aerial voyages, not necessarily as big as the new French one, but as large and as complete as it is possible to make for the scientific work yet required to be done; for it is perhaps only by some hundreds of investigating ascents that we shall get all the data needed for the proper advance of meteorology and kindred sciences.

KING'S COLLEGE EVENING CLASSES.—We are glad to learn that the evening classes, in connection with King's College, London, have begun this winter season with every promise of success. They are especially designed to aid the self-education of young men who are busily employed during most hours of the day. With such a list of teachers, including the professors of King's College, for the various subjects—divinity, logic, mathematics, history, English composition, Latin and Greek, all the principal European languages, political and commercial economy, international law, the physical sciences, and the art of drawing, we cannot wonder that the youth of London are eager to avail themselves of this opportunity of intellectual cultivation. The modern language classes—particularly those of Professor Mariette with three assistants, for French; Professor Pistrucci, for Italian; and Dr. Wintzer and M. Schneider for German—prove most attractive, and will, to young men who are engaged in trade, afford the means of acquiring a kind of knowledge which may greatly advance their fortunes in life.

MESSRS. SMITH & BECK have constructed an achromatic binocular magnifier for viewing ordinary photographs and other objects. The instrument consists of two lenses, with an intermediate slide to adapt them to the width between the observer's eyes, both being used with these instruments. Their great advantage is that the object retains its natural, or, as it is termed, stereoscopic appearance. Stands are provided to fit them to for use like a microscope. The binocular principle, as thus applied to single magnifiers, is of course limited in power, as no lenses of shorter focus than 3 inches can be used in this way with advantage, but still they will be found valuable instruments for medical men, zoologists, anatomists, geologists, entomologists, archaeologists, botanists, and engravers.

THE growing importance of mining in South Australia made the want of general correct information respecting its mineral resources much felt, and Mr. J. B. Austen, of Adelaide, conceived the idea which he has executed, of visiting all the mines in that colony, and publishing the result of his observations. His book is a small and unpretentious one, but his materials and information appear to have been collected with care and fidelity.

A VERY excellent plan for preventing the extension of fires in buildings has been suggested by Mrs. Lockhart, of Kensington. Like most good suggestions, it is very simple. The plan is to raise the doorways a few inches above the flooring, so that when water is thrown in at the windows of any floor, it cannot run out of the apartment. In this way the floors above the fire can be kept from igniting, and the conflagration isolated in the place where it originates.

AN experiment, under the direction of Sir William Mansfield, is about to be tried in India, at the Hill Sanitarium of Mount Aboo, of erecting a number of detached cottages for the European soldiery, each hut being capable of containing five men. It is to be hoped this will prove a beneficial advance upon the old-fashioned barracks, with their notorious want of ventilation, over-crowding, and other evils of equal magnitude; and that Mount Aboo will present a model military village, in which the want of fresh air will be impossible, and in which some degree of privacy and quietude may be obtained.

A REPORT has been made to the French Minister of Fine Arts by Count Nieuwerkerke, on the development of the museums of Paris and the environs since 1850. Within the thirteen years 20,000 different



articles have been added to the Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, and Roman collections, and to those of sculpture, American, Scandinavian, and the Gallo-Roman antiquities, now arranged at St. Germain. The improvements effected during this period are the opening of new exhibition-rooms, the methodical classification of the pictures and drawings at the Louvre, the re-organization of the copperplate department and plaster casts, the formation of a complete critical catalogue, and the foundation of the Museum Napoleon III. and that of St. Germain.

An experiment is at present in operation in many of the streets of Paris, the object of which is to deaden the noise of vehicles passing near churches and other places of public resort. The material employed is concrete, over which is a layer of asphalt. This composition has been employed in some localities before, and has been found to facilitate the passage of vehicles.

M. LEMAIRE states that of the vaccine matter he uses, mixed with carbolic acid, no vesicles are formed. He also asserts that the acid possesses an influence on the virus of glanders, as well as on the poison by the sting of a bee or wasp.

M. HIRSCH estimates, by the chronoscope, that the nerves transmit their impressions at the rate of thirty-four metres per second. M. Heinholtz estimates the velocity at 190 feet per second. The latter experiments were made on the motor nerves of a frog; the former on the human nerves.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has suggested to the Royal Academy Commission to appoint a professor of chemistry to conduct experiments on the durability of pigments and other materials used by artists, and to give lucid explanations of the properties of colours and their deleterious influences on each other. Some of the changes only occurring after a long lapse of time, it is not within the power of an artist to make such experiments, and to impart the results to his pupils; but it seems properly within the scope of an academy to undertake and record such investigations.

It is announced in the Paris papers that the Brothers Godard are about to make a balloon to contain 14,000 cubic metres of gas, whereas M. Nadar's "Géant" only contained 6,000.

CAVALIER NOVI, formerly Lieut.-Colonel of Ordnance, in a paper before the Royal Institute of Naples on "Substances for the Preservation of Iron and Steel," recommends—1. A varnish of resinous matter, such as essence of turpentine, resin, colophony, &c.; 2. A varnish in the composition of which there enters essence of coal-tar and dry pitch from the same tar; 3. A varnish the composition of which is derived from asphalt, and its essence mixed with oxides and various colouring substances. He concludes that iron is to be preserved by asphalt and its compounds. The French Government have ordered experiments to be made.

INTERESTING discoveries are being from time to time made in Rutlandshire, on the site of an Anglo-Saxon cemetery, between North Luffenham and Edith Weston. They consist of articles of gold, bronze, iron, glass, and pottery, which are met in excavating for sand on the estates of Lord Aveland and Mr. W. R. Morris. Some of the fibulae are of a circular form; others like a Greek cross, but as they belonged to Pagan Saxons, this latter form can have no connection with Christianity. Amongst the beads are some glass of a ruby colour, said to be very beautiful; others are of amber, and some of glass are striped with crosses. Some of the swords found are a yard long, and fragments of the wooden hilts in one specimen still remain. A battle-axe is also recorded.

THE foundations of extensive Roman buildings have been met with at Wycomb, in Gloucestershire, on the property of W. L. Lawrence, Esq. A large quantity of coins, pottery, and other relics have been found, and a singular Roman carving in the common oolite stone of the district of three figures in bas-relief.

SOME curious discoveries have been made in the church of the Blessed Virgin, at Maxey, in Lincolnshire. The most singular is a trefoil-headed piscina with a basin of eight foils in a spandril near the entrance of the rood-loft fourteen feet from the floor of the nave. The church contained several altars, and the piscina indicates that there was one in or adjacent to the rood-loft. This instance is possibly unique, and it would be interesting to know if any parallel case exists anywhere. The roof of the oratory is groined, the ribs rising from carved heads and notch heads and terminating in a central boss. It is entered from the chancel by two doors, the inner one being secured by locks of a very early type. Such oratories, which were small chapels with altars for private devotion, are very rare, and this one at Maxey is expressly alluded to in the "English Ecclesiology," published by the Cambridge Camden Society. The tower and nave pier are Norman, but considerable portions of the reparations and additions are of Edwardian character. The restoration now going on is said to be extremely well done and the old work faithfully recopied.

IN the progress of the Isle of Wight Railway, an urn filled with Roman coins has been met with at the hamlet of Wroxall, near Lord Yarborough's former seat of Appuldurcombe. As usual, the urn was broken up and its contents dispersed; but a considerable number of the coins, which appear to have originally amounted to some thousands, have, together with the fragments of the urn, been secured by Mr. George Smith, the foreman of the excavators. A great number also have found their way into the hands of private collectors. The coins still await proper examination. Some are of Claudius, during whose reign the island was reduced by his general, Vespasian.

A LARGE portion of the inlaid marble flooring for Chichester Cathedral has been deposited in the building. This portion is for the area within the communion rails. It is reported to be the most beautiful and elaborate work of the kind ever executed. It has been done by Messrs. Poole & Son, of Westminster, from a design by Mr. Slater, the cathedral architect; and a specimen portion sent to

the International Exhibition was awarded a first-class medal, and was one of the objects selected to illustrate the memorial of the Exhibition produced by order of the Queen. Its pattern is a large circle, surrounded by four other large circles and four smaller ones, within a square border of elaborate design, the interstices between the circles being filled with diaper-work of small pattern, the whole being executed in variously coloured marbles. The remainder of the pavement will be used in the new choir.

THE obstructions round the front of the church of St. Severin at Paris are to be cleared to give display to that curious relic of the middle ages. A portion of the original church is said to have been burnt by fire towards the close of the eleventh century; but the style of architecture gives a date for its rebuilding of two hundred years later, and there are records to show the work was continued to the end of the fifteenth century. It possesses a remarkable series of painted windows of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. A thoroughfare is to be made from the Place de la Bastille to the new promenade, in the Bois de Vincennes, passing by the Porte Picpus and the old Barrière de Charenton, and thence to the Place de Neuilly. A new boulevard, the Boulevard Mercet, is also to be formed. It will reach from the Boulevard de l'Hôpital to the Boulevard de Mont-Parnasse, and will complete the great line of interior boulevards on the left bank of the river from the Pont d'Austerlitz to the Boulevard de l'Alma. The Rue Soufflot, in which a supposed portion of the wall of the Parloir aux Bourgeois, given, in 1504, by Louis XI. to the Jacobins, was found in 1852, is to be enlarged.

A COMMISSION from the Hungarian Academy has gone to Constantinople to make researches for the remnants of the famous library of King Matthias Corvinus, and to take copies of the more important manuscripts.

LIFE OF WEDGWOOD.—Messrs. Hurst & Blackett are preparing for publication "The Life of Josiah Wedgwood," from his private correspondence and family papers in the possession of Joseph Meyer, Esq., and other authentic sources, by Miss Eliza Meteyard, in 2 vols., with portraits and other illustrations.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

It will, it is quite evident, be necessary to wait with composure the exhaustion of the current mania in new stocks and new shares. The public are decidedly giving promoters and projectors the strongest encouragement they can to overcrowd the markets with every species of security, and it is feared take little heed in protecting themselves against future liability, so that they obtain the immediate profit from share allotments. Every week since the payment of the dividends has produced some popular undertaking; and although many of these are intrinsically good, not only by their constitution, but also from the elements of success they present, still the amount of share-dealing which has followed, speculative as well as *bonâ fide*, must entail much mischief and loss to a number of operators who have gone in for these various prizes. However sound the original undertaking may be, either in the shape of a Land Mortgage Bank, a Discount Corporation, or any other scheme, if the shares run to a high premium, that very fact alone will induce such numberless applications as to render it impossible for the directors of any company to satisfy the greed of a hundred thousand subscribers, when but ten thousand can be distributed. Only within the last three days a project has been announced in which it was plainly set forth ten thousand shares were to be taken up; before the list of subscriptions closed, and it closed early on the fourth day, applications for nearly two hundred thousand shares were in reality received. And why? Because it was floated at what is called a respectable premium, the directors being men of reputation, and in a position to attract business. To test the ability of the markets further, we are, it is stated, to have yet one or two additional leviathan banks, another discount company, with high names and managers of business qualifications, and several new credit and finance associations. These latter must hereafter, if they are to be created in the number proposed, trench upon the operations of bankers, for now it would seem they are to make advances on produce-warrants, and will accept as collateral security approved bills of exchange. If they overstep this boundary, and enter so far into the domains of general money dealing, there will be nothing to prevent them speedily, when they find themselves full of capital, turning discounters in every sense recognized within the precincts of Lombard-street.

While these large projects are being brought forward with every hope of immediate success, a variety of the smaller sort are seeking to struggle into existence. To accomplish this much difficulty is experienced; second and third-rate directions do not take at all with the public, which, in judging of what a company should be to command a premium or a profit,—is nearly as capable of quick appreciation as professional promoters or their numerous auxiliaries. Hotel companies may be advertised, mining adventures sent forth with glowing prospectuses, and steam or manufacturing enterprises introduced under respectable sanction, but if they do not at once go to a good price among the dealers, and maintain it, little or no



chance exists of their eventually succeeding, either in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange, or in connection with the branch of business with which they are associated. It is in consequence of this state of things that we so frequently see a company ushered into life, with tolerable names for directors, and a fair prospect of competing in the trade into which it is proposed to enter, but owing to "the absence of spirit," as it is termed, or, in other words, the want of means or knowledge to "manipulate prices," they languish for a short period and ultimately altogether disappear. To this extent the public are relieved of the presence of a number of schemes which can never be expected to be developed, and though some few unfortunate individuals are likely to be swamped through the initiatory proceedings, the danger and damage scarcely ever extend far beyond the promoters and their own immediate friends. We may therefore rest in a great measure assured that the mania will not largely increase by the concoction of second-rate or small companies. Where the great mischief is to be apprehended, is in the dealing with the shares of those gigantic undertakings, the character and pretensions of which draw such a frightful amount of subscriptions, that in the race to obtain an allotment and sell in anticipation of securing it, much fluctuation and loss will be encountered.

The wild speculation in foreign securities has at length gone down. The late severe reaction in Greek, Mexican, and Spanish, has been succeeded by much less activity among the operators. The two sudden revulsions in this market since June last—both of which we predicted—have cleared out the majority of the weak operators, and at the same time brought to light some of the mysterious influences at work to keep up falling prices. A delicate investigation is now proceeding before the Committee of the Stock Exchange into the conduct of the brokers who have operated (of course not "speculated," the word would probably be too strong) for a clerk, a youth nineteen years of age, who, taking a fancy to "dabble" in Greek, Mexican, and other popular securities, honoured those three gentlemen with his commissions. It may be imagined that this gentleman was of the new school, rather fast, and that his predilection for gambling was not to be curbed by the ordinary notions of every-day life. Consequently, when he did operate, he operated with a vengeance, for he would not hesitate to take £70,000 Greek in a line for the rise, or £50,000 Mexican, or 1,000 International shares. Such transactions as these brought large commissions, and, while profits accrued, everything went off satisfactorily. The day came, however, for the dark side of the picture, and when prices were falling, and a sudden drop took place, he could not pay his differences, and his accounts were carried over from time to time, till at length they were gradually closed, showing with one and the other a partial defaulter. Meanwhile, the stripling obtained a temporary *congé* from his employers, and, as they supposed, merely for recreation. It then turned out that his losses, so far as he could, had been paid at the Stock Exchange, not from his own resources, but those of the firm, and that he is deficient at least £4,000 or £5,000. He made profits in the first instance, and, had he been content to stay his hand, could have retired without discovery; but he was not satisfied, and he has now levanted, with loss of character and loss of connection, which it will be difficult to replace. His employers having traced the brokers, have brought it under the notice of the committee, and one of the impugned parties, being a member of the committee, is in a doubly awkward situation. Till the decision on Thursday last, in accordance with the rule of the House, it was thought, notwithstanding the mitigating circumstances set up, that a decree of suspension, if not expulsion, would be enforced against the whole of the individuals inculpated. No doubt is entertained of a vast amount of the late foreign stock-jobbing having been supported throughout the late few months by similar and other discreditable means, but it has now fairly broken down.

THE case of the principal offending members against the laws of the Stock Exchange has been decided at the last moment. The first member of the Committee has been entirely exculpated, the second and third have been censured. The question with regard to the fourth has yet to be finally settled. It is expected he will be either suspended or expelled. Mitigating circumstances have been admitted in the three cases decided, but it is said the fourth knew the whole connections and antecedents of the defaulter.

THE Bank directors separated on Thursday without making any important alteration in the terms of discount. The rate in the open market is about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$ , with a very quiet business. Large sums of money are afloat, but advances, either in discount circles or in the neighbourhood of Capel-court, cannot be made for long periods. The rates for loans on English securities rules from 2 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and the supply of capital is extremely good.

THE sum sent into the Bank this week has been £54,000. Against

this total the withdrawals represent £107,000. On Thursday, again, no gold was purchased; a parcel of £11,000 was, however, taken away for export. The Rothschilds are in the market buying, and will forward all they can to Paris to strengthen the Bank of France.

CONSOLS for money were heavy at 93 to  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and for the account they show declines at 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ . There is an apprehension of war abroad, and if that feeling continue to prevail, a fall will take place.

MEXICAN has gone lower, through bad intelligence by the West India packet; the last price was  $41\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Spanish Passive,  $35\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Greek dull at  $30\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$ . No tendency to inflation now.

THE new securities are all very good. For instance, the shares of the Discount Corporation stand at  $8\frac{1}{2}$  to  $9\frac{1}{2}$  prem.; Mercantile Credit, 3 to  $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.; International Finance 5 to  $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.; and London Finance  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.

THE shares of the Company for Muntz Metal have gone to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.

## MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES NEXT WEEK.

## MONDAY.

BRITISH ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M. 1. President's Address. 2. Memoir of the late Professor Cockerell. By Mr. Sydney Smirke, R.A.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 2 P.M. General Monthly.

MEDICAL—At 8 P.M. "Occasional Non-transmission of Syphilis to the Offspring." By Mr. DeMeirie.

## TUESDAY.

PATHOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M.

## WEDNESDAY.

GEOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. 1. "On Some Ichthyolites from New South Wales. By Sir P. de M. G. Egerton, F.R.S., F.G.S. 2. "Notes on the Geology of a Portion of the Nile Valley, &c." By A. Leith Adams, A.M., M.D.

## THURSDAY.

LINNÆAN—8 P.M.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Agassiz (L.) *Methods of Study in Natural History*. Cr. 8vo., 5s. 6d.  
 Aitken's (W.) *Science and Practice of Medicine*. New edit. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 8s.  
 Albites' (A.) *Instantaneous French Exercises*. New edit. Fcap., 2s.  
 Anti-Colenso: an Essay. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Annie Warleigh's *Fortunes*. By Holme Lee. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Bernard's (T. D.) *The Witness of God: Sermons*. Cr. 8vo., 3s.  
 Bohn's Illustrated Library.—Longfellow's *Prose Works*. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Bohn's Royal Illustrated Series.—James' (G. P. R.) *Book of the Passions*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Bohn's Standard Library.—Foster's *Essays on the Evils of Popular Ignorance*. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Brook's (Mrs. C.) *Margaret's Secret, and its Success*. Fcap., 5s.  
 Bunyan's (John) *Divine Emblems*. Fcap., 6s.  
 Burn's (Mrs.) *The Contrast; or, the Shepherd of Bentham Hill*. Fcap., 2s.  
 Cobbin's (Rev. J.) *Condensed Commentary*. New edit. Imp. 8vo., 18s.  
 Dante's *Divina Commedia*. Translated by Mrs. Ramsay. Vol. 3, *Purgatorio*. Fcap., 7s.  
 De Musset's (Paul) *Mr. Wind and Madam Rain*. Imp. 16mo., 5s.  
 Doria (A.) and Macrae's (D. C.) *Law and Practice of Bankruptcy*. 2 vols. 12mo., £2. 2s.  
 Earl's (G. W.) *Handbook to Tropical Australia*. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Fry's (Mrs. C.) *The Listener*. 12th edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Gill's (J.) *School Management*. 9th edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Good Fight (The); or, the Battle of Life. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Hannah's (T.) *Pulpit Assistant*. Vol. 3. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Hawthorne's (N.) *Our Old Home*. 3rd edit. 2 vols. Post 8vo., 21s.  
 Hervey's (Mrs. T. K.) *The Feasts of Carmelot*. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
 Hewitt's (Dr. G.) *Diseases of Women*. 8vo., 16s.  
 Hilton (Dr. J.) *on Mechanical and Physiological Rest*. 8vo., 16s.  
 Hoblyn's (A. M.) *Time's Changes: Poems*. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 Holt's (B.) *Stricture of the Urethra*. 2nd edit. 8vo., 3s.  
 Honour and Dishonour. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Huntington's (G.) *The Church's Work in Large Towns*. Cr. 8vo., 4s.  
 Interrupted Wedding (The). By Author of "Mary Powell." Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Jacobs' (F.) *Latin Reader*. Part 2. 11th edit. Fcap., 3s.  
 James' (G. P. R.) *Agincourt*. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 Jerrold's (D.) *Works*. New edit. Vol. 1. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Jerdon's (T. C.) *Birds of India*. Vol. 2. Part 1. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Journal of Horticulture. Vol. 4. Royal 8vo., 8s. 6d.  
 Kingston's (W. H. G.) *Peter the Whaler*. New edit. Fcap., 5s.  
 Law's (Isabella) *Winter Weavings: Poems*. Fcap., 5s.  
 Life of Our Lord in the Words of the Evangelists. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 McHenry's (G.) *The Cotton Trade*. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 McLeod's (W.) *Middle Class Atlas*. 4to., 2s.  
 Main's (Rev. R.) *Plane and Spherical Astronomy*. 8vo., 14s.  
 Martin Luther. By S. Neil. Cr. 8vo., 1s.  
 Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching. Vol. 3. 8vo., 1s. 6d.  
 Mylne's (G. W.) *Reposing in Jesus*. 2nd edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Parker's (Theodore) *Works*. Edited by F. P. Cobbe. Vol. 5. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
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 Phillips' (C. P.) *Law of Copyright*. 8vo., 12s.  
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 Plato's *Phædo*, with Notes. By W. D. Geddes. 8vo., 8s.  
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 Practical Swiss Guide. 8th edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
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 Pratt (Dr. H. F.) *On Orbital Motion*. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
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 Railway Library.—Cinq Mars. By De Vigny. Fcap., 1s.  
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 School and Home; or, Leaves from a Boy's Journal. Fcap., 5s.  
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 Edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. 4 vols. 8vo., £2. 2s. 6d.  
 A Critical Biography. By S. Neil. Cr. 8vo., 1s.  
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 Statutes at Large. 26 & 27 Victoria, 1863. 8vo., 20s.  
 Stories of the Good Shepherd. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Swain's (C.) *Art and Fashion: Poems*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Tennyson's *Poems*. Illustrated edition. New edit. 8vo., 21s.  
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## UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

The SESSION will be publicly OPENED on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1863, at Two o'clock, p.m., when an ADDRESS to the Students will be delivered by Principal Sir DAVID BREWSTER.

Full details as to Classes, Examinations, &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, will be found in the *Edinburgh University Calendar*, 1863-64, published by Messrs. MacLachlan & Stewart, South Bridge, Edinburgh, price 2s.

By order of the Senatus,  
September, 1863. ALEX. SMITH, Sec. to the University.

**GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION** has REMOVED from 5, Cavendish-square to the Rooms of the Medical Society of London, 32A, GEORGE-STREET, HANOVER-SQUARE.

The FIRST MEETING of this Session will be held on TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 3, at 7 o'clock, when Mr. CARTER BLAKE, F.G.S., will read a paper on FOSSIL ELEPHANTS, and Mr. EVANS will exhibit a COLLECTION OF FOSSILS from the railway cuttings near London.

Ladies or Gentlemen wishing to join the Association can obtain every information from Professor TENNANT, President, 149, Strand, or J. CUMMING, F.G.S., Honorary Secretary, 7, Montague-place, Russell-square. Admission, 10s. Annual Subscription, 10s.

**SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.**  
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Copies will be sent free of charge on application to the Head Office, 9, St. Andrew-square, Edinburgh; or to Hugh M'Kean, the Society's Central Agent, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, Cornhill, London, E.C.

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SWINTON BOULT, Secretary to the Company.  
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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

**THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**  
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THE SEVENTH DIVISION OF THE COMPANY'S PROFITS is appointed to be made at 15th NOVEMBER, 1865, and all Policies now effected will participate. THE FUND TO BE DIVIDED will be the Profits which have arisen since 15th NOVEMBER, 1860.  
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## YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

**THE NINETEENTH COURSE of LECTURES to YOUNG MEN** will be delivered (D.V.) in EXETER HALL on the following TUESDAY EVENINGS, at Eight o'clock.

NOVEMBER 17th, 1863.—Professor RICHARD OWEN, D.C.L., F.R.S., Superintendent of the Departments of Natural History, British Museum, "On some instances of the Power of God, as manifested in his Animal Creation."

NOVEMBER 24th.—Rev. WILLIAM LANDELS, of the Diorama Chapel, Regent's-park, "Edward Irving."

DECEMBER 1st.—Rev. ALEXANDER RALEIGH, of Hare-court Chapel, Canonbury, "Poverty, Competence, and Wealth."

DECEMBER 8th.—Rev. FRANCIS J. SHARR, Wesleyan Methodist Minister, Westminster, "An Evening with the Church Fathers and Early Christians."

DECEMBER 15th.—Rev. EDWARD GARBETT, M.A., Incumbent of Christ's Church, Surbiton-hill, and Boyle Lecturer, 1861-3, "Calvin."

DECEMBER 22nd.—Rev. HENRY ALLON, of Union Chapel, Islington, "Psalmody of the Reformation—Lutheran, Calvinistic, English." (With Illustrations.) A Sequel to the Lecture on Church Song of 1860. By special request of the Committee.

JANUARY 12th, 1864.—Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., of the National Scotch Church, London, "Israel in Egypt—Monumental Testimonies to the Pentateuch."

JANUARY 19th.—Rev. MARMADUKE C. OSBORN, Wesleyan Methodist Minister, Liverpool, "Missions and Missionaries of the last Half-Century."

JANUARY 26th.—Rev. JONATHAN MAKEPEACE, Baptist Minister, Bradford, late Missionary in Northern India, "The Bible in India."

FEBRUARY 2nd.—Rev. A. K. H. BOYD, M.A., Minister of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," &c., &c., "The Practical Service of Imperfect Means."

FEBRUARY 9th.—Rev. EMILIUS BAYLEY, B.D., Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, "Some of the Battles of the Bible, viewed in connection with the Physical Geography of Palestine."

FEBRUARY 16th.—ANNUAL MEETING.

TICKETS FOR THE COURSE ONLY.—For Numbered Stalls, 10s. 6d. each; Central Seats, 5s.; Reserved Platform, 5s.; Area and Western Gallery, 3s.; Platform, 2s.; may be had of Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners-street; Bull's Library, 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Dalton, Cockspur-street; Westerton, Knightsbridge; Waters, 44, Westbourne-grove; Boddington's Library, 1, Devonshire-terrace, Notting-hill-gate; W. Tweedie, 337, Strand; Warren Hall & Co., 10, Cambridge-terrace, Camden-road; Starling, 97, Upper-street, Islington; Alvey, 67, Newington-causeway; The Book Society, 19, Paternoster-row; Williams & Lloyd, 29, Moorgate-street; Bennett, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without; and at the Offices of the Association, 165, Aldersgate-street, City.

W. EDWYN SHIPTON, Secretary.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

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